

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Civilisation Menaced

IF there is one weapon of war which, by international agreement, must be outlawed and scrapped, it is the hydrogen bomb. There can be no two views about this. The H-Bomb is too grave a threat to the whole of civilised mankind to be permitted any longer to remain a military device or a political lever. The people of America are now learning the truth about the annihilating force of thermonuclear weapons through the films and pictures of the 1952 hydrogen bomb test, and it is a pity the entire rest of the world cannot have the same knowledge impressed upon them in the same way. There has been an understandable tolerance of experiments in atomic and thermonuclear energy designed to perform military service because the weapons were accepted as deterrents to aggression. But as Church of England Times has observed in a penetrating comment, everything is "irrelevant to the salient moral fact that this new weapon is an unholy affront to the conscience of mankind. Furthermore nuclear bombs are utterly different to any previous weapons in the history of the world and their effect will not only be to kill millions but to poison the springs of human health for uncounted generations." This is no flamboyant measure of speech; on the contrary it is a statement of sober and sombre fact, and it applies with equal force to the peoples of the East as it does to those of the West. It is just this which clearly influenced Mr Attlee in the composition of his Party's motion which is to be presented to the House of Commons next Monday advocating a top-level meeting of the three nations most actively engaged in the development of nuclear weapons—the United States, Britain and Soviet Russia. Such a meeting would not bring about the immediate total abolition of weapons which it has now been proved could virtually destroy the world, but it could, and probably would, hasten concerted action towards outlawing thermonuclear weapons. Every possible avenue to this end must be explored if our so-called civilisation is to avoid obliterating itself.

## Dien Bien Phu Outpost

### Evacuated BITTER BATTLE FOR FORTRESS

### Decisive Factor Will Be Weather

Hanoi, Apr. 2. French troops fighting a bitter battle for Dien Bien Phu, have evacuated a northeastern outpost of the fortress after recapturing it from the Vietminh early today, the French High Command announced tonight.

The Vietminh also gained a foothold in the northeast corner of the defence perimeter in a renewed onslaught after midnight.

Unconfirmed reports put the Vietminh less than a mile from the heart of the northern fortress as French troops bitterly contested every inch of their shrinking defences.

Observers here consider that the outcome of the battle, biggest of the seven-year-old war, will depend on the weather allowing the French High Command to parachute the hard-pressed defenders all the supplies they require.

The High Command also announced clashes between French troops and more than 1,000 Vietminh rebels driving into the state of Cambodia from southern Laos. French troops are holding the Vietminh advance, the High Command said.

French and Vietminh forces battled around the town of Voquang, 30 miles inside the frontier. Reports said the Cambodian High Command has conceded the loss of the town.

This is the first time a regular Vietminh formation has penetrated the jungle territory of northern Cambodia, home of the primitive Mol tribes. The new attack follows three weeks of bloody battle at Dien Bien Phu.

Colonel Christian de Castries, French Commander at Dien Bien Phu, decided to evacuate the outpost in the northwest because it had been too badly battered by the Vietminh troops, who held it until late this morning.

Vietminh now have captured four positions in three days of heavy fighting. The battle was less intense today, but is expected to flare up again late tonight.

Some observers here estimate Vietminh casualties so far at nearly 20,000—half the number of troops they had in the area at the outset of the battle.

### Death Of General Vandenberg

#### Former Air Force Chief Of Staff

Washington, Apr. 2. General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force from 1948 until his retirement last June, died today aged 55.

"General Van," as he was known to airmen everywhere, has been a patient in the Army's Walter Reed Hospital here since last October when he was admitted for "observation and checkup."

He was in virtual seclusion during the last months of his illness, too sick to receive many visitors.

The Air Force declined to state the nature of his illness but private doctors who attended at an operation in 1952 said it was found then he was suffering from cancer of the prostate gland and that subsequently the malignancy spread to the hips, spine and other bones.

Later, the hospital announced officially that the cause of death was cancer.

General Vandenberg is survived by his widow, a daughter, Gloria Rose, a son, Lieutenant Hoyt Sanford Vandenberg, and three grandchildren.

Lieutenant Vandenberg, serving with the Air Force in Germany, returned to Washington this week to his father's bedside.

The hospital said Mrs Vandenberg, the son and daughter were at the bedside when the General died.

#### "LOST A GRAND MAN"

General Vandenberg's successor as Air Force Chief of Staff, General Nathan F. Twining, said the "nation has lost a grand man."

A descendant of early Dutch settlers, Hoyt Sanford Vandenberg was born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on January 24, 1898, the son of William Collins Vandenberg and his wife Pearl Kane.

He was a nephew of the late Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the one-time isolationist, whose change of heart, which he confessed was partly due to his nephew's influence, made the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the Marshall Plan a reality.

He played an important part in planning the invasion of Normandy in August, 1944, and assumed command of the famous 9th Air Force.

He strove tirelessly to make his country supreme in the air. After a visit to the Korean front, he caused a stir by declaring that the United States was fighting with obsolete aircraft.

When he retired in June 1953, the Secretary for the Air Force said that under his leadership, the United States Strategic Air Command had become "the most powerful and effective military force ever assembled in the interests of peace."—Reuter.



The Patriarch of Moscow records his vote in Moscow during the recent Supreme Soviet elections when 120,000,000 voters polled to elect 1,331 Deputies to the Supreme Soviet.—London Express.

### Forced To Shave While Marking Time At The Double

Bonn, Apr. 2.

A British Army signalman accused two detention camp guards here today of forcing him to shave while marking time at the double—causing him to inflict four deep cuts on his face.

"The cuts were an inch and a half long," Signalman Alexander McGarry told a court martial at Wahnheide near here.

The guards, Royal Air Force police Corporals Joseph F. Agar and John S. Kinver, are charged with forcing McGarry to shave while marking time at the double.

Corporal Kinver is also charged with forcing Signalman McGarry to eat his food with a soup ladle, with a sticking adhesive paper over his mouth and with making him read the Bible aloud in front of other prisoners.

Signalman McGarry said he was told to carry on shaving after he had cut himself.

"I cannot remember which of the two accused who ordered me was present at the time. The cuts bled till after breakfast time."

During breakfast, Corporal Kinver made him eat while standing on a form with a large soup ladle from the cook house. "I did not complain because I had complained on numerous occasions and it was no use," Signalman McGarry said.

#### Shipping Magnate Arrested

Tokyo, Apr. 2.

Tokyo police today arrested shipbuilding magnate Toshio Doko on a charge connected with bribery scandals.

Mr Doko is the Vice-Chairman of the Japan Shipbuilding Industry Association.—Reuter.

## NOW IT'S THE NITROGEN BOMB!

### But Scientists Sceptical

London, Apr. 2.

Two Labour members of Parliament—one of them Mr Herbert Morrison, a former Foreign Secretary—claimed in speeches tonight that the Russians are developing nitrogen bombs.

But leading atomic scientists in Britain were sceptical as to whether any nation could produce such a bomb.

Mr Morrison, who was speaking at Wellington in Northwest England, said:

"We have witnessed the coming of the motor-car, the radio, the aeroplane, poison gas, high explosive bombs, incendiary bombs, bacteriological bombs, atom bombs, hydrogen bombs—and now it is said the Russians are developing nitrogen bombs."

The other Labour member of Parliament, left-winger Fenner Brockway speaking at Exeter in southwest England, said that the H-bomb seemed not the last word in destruction. "Russia has already mastered the making of the nitrogen bomb," he added, "and not only civilisation but mankind itself is threatened."

Among the scientists asked to comment on the statements by Mr Morrison and Mr Brockway, was Professor Joseph Robins, Vice-President of the British Atomic Scientists Association.

He did not think anyone could have used nitrogen in a bomb.

"The thermal reaction that would be necessary to set off nitrogen would have to be much greater than that used for the H-bomb and I do not believe anyone has discovered how to produce the extremely high temperature needed," he said.

"It is possible that a H-bomb could be surrounded by nitrogen and then set off but I cannot imagine how it could be safely done without endangering those who did it."

"Unless something completely new has been discovered, I do not think a nitrogen bomb is yet possible."

Dr P. E. Hodgson, editor of the Atomic Scientist Journal and

#### Salvage Money For Sailors

London, Apr. 2.

The crew of the British destroyer Cosack are to share the £1,472 salvage money for helping the freighter Incharran, when she went aground about 400 miles north of Hongkong two years ago.

The 2,257-ton Incharran, owned by the Incharran Company of Hongkong, went aground off the mouth of the Min River at Foochow in June 1952. The Cosack towed her back to Hongkong.

The Admiralty announced tonight that shares for the Cosack's crew would vary from £22 to £29/6 each.—Reuter.

#### Canberra Jet Bomber Crashes

London, Apr. 2.

A Canberra jet bomber crashed as it was taking off at the Blunham (Bedfordshire) airfield and struck a truck and trailer, killing the plane's pilot and a crew member. One other crew member was seriously injured and a fourth escaped with bruises.

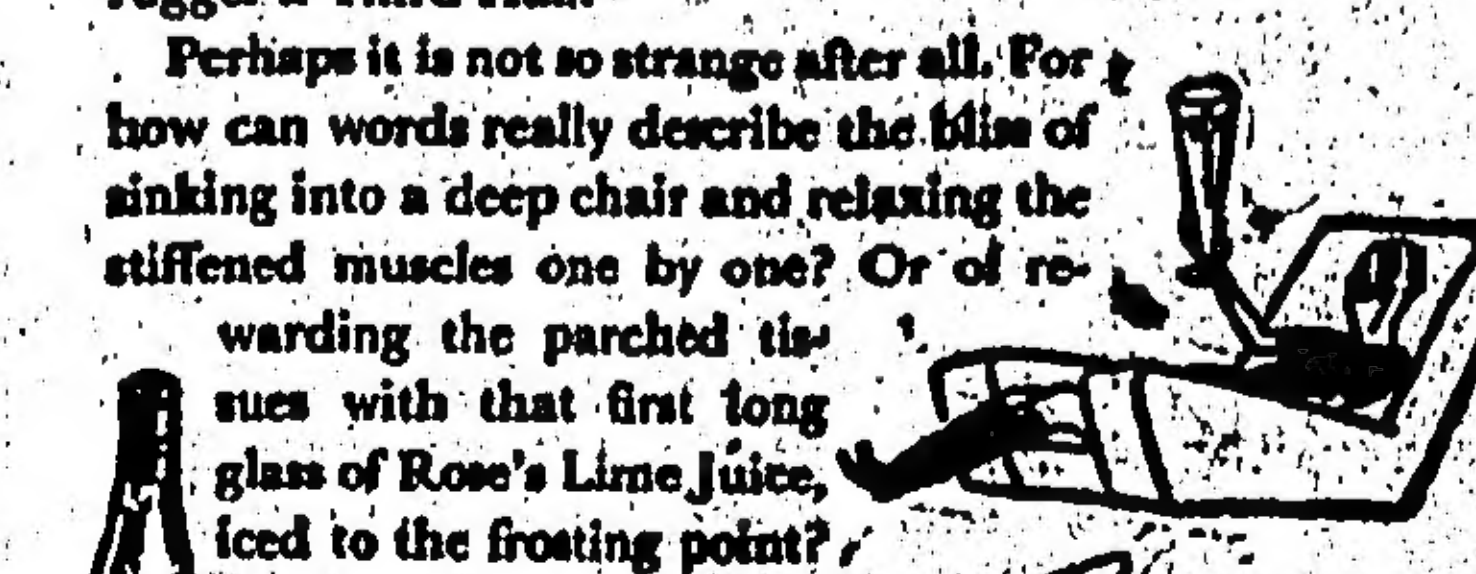
The plane was on a regular training flight. The truck and trailer, both empty, were completely destroyed.—France-Press.

## Sequel to Sport



Every sport has its special lingo, from polo to pole-vaulting, from deck-tennis to squash. Yet strange to say, there are few phrases to describe that pleasant part of all, when a man cools off in the clubhouse and holds his inquit on the game. Golf has its Nineteenth Hole, of course; but cricket has no Eleventh Wicket, or rugby a Third Half.

Perhaps it is not so strange after all. For how can words really describe the bliss of sinking into a deep chair and relaxing the stiffened muscles one by one? Or of rewarding the parched tissues with that first long glass of Rose's Lime Juice, iced to the frosting point?



**ROSE'S Lime Juice**  
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

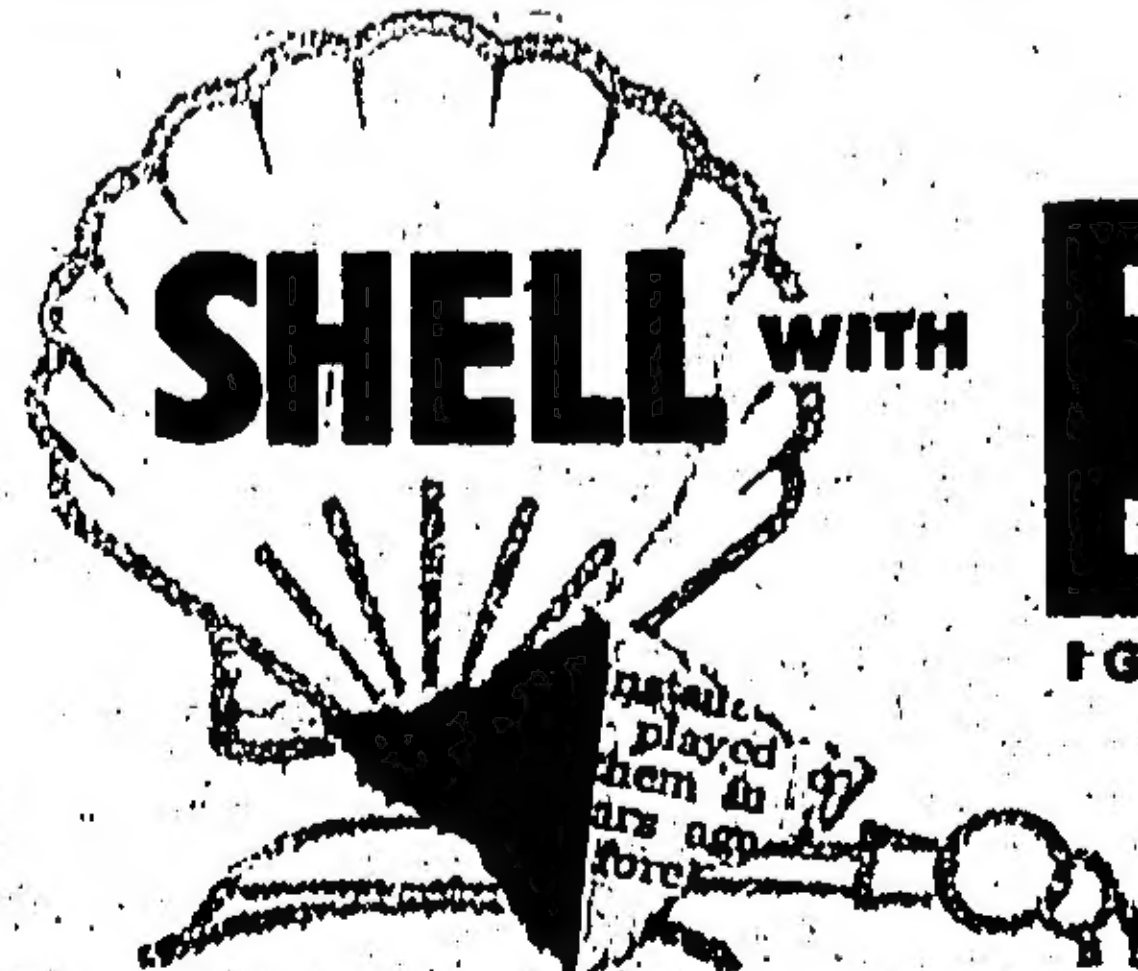
Fly World's Most Experienced Airline to

## MANILA

2 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

Call your Travel Agent or  
Alexandra House, Phone 37031  
Peninsula Hotel, Phone 57694  
Hong Kong.

**PAA**  
PAN AMERICAN  
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE  
Pan American World Airways, Inc., incorporated in the State of New York, U.S.A., with limited liability.



New additive of proved value to your car

**ICCA**  
IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE





1



## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## Underwater Explorers' Club Assumes New Importance

Sydney.

The Australian Underwater Explorers' Club is having fun investigating the mysteries of this nation's million square miles of wealth-laden undersea territory. This expert organisation of scientists, doctors, businessmen and engineers, originally formed for recreation, is now growing into an important link in Australia's development.

Their work is swiftly turning public attention to the peacetime value of trained underwater experts and their vast wartime potential. The New South Wales Police may form a rescue group with the club's assistance, and the Royal Australian Navy is discussing its capabilities.

## Fighting Nature's Destructive Elements

Winnipeg.

Canadian scientists are continuing to make sensational gains against the destructive elements of nature, according to Manitoba's Agriculture Minister, Ron Robertson, but help is needed from one of the commonest elements of all—the weather.

Robertson said that "reasonable balanced" weather on the Prairies this year would result in Manitoba farmers pocketing an extra \$62,900,000, all because of new scientific developments.

The Agriculture Minister heaped high praise on scientists, government laboratories, experimental farms, research organisations and departments of agriculture for the recent great strides in anti-pest research. Robertson said that new varieties of wheat, especially the rust-resistant Selkirk variety, will add six bushels an acre to the average Canadian yield. For Manitoba's six-and-a-half-million acres of wheat land, that means an added revenue this year of more than \$12,000,000.

Robertson warned, however, that a vicious new strain of wheat rust—known as 15-B-3—has made its appearance on the Prairies. . . and Selkirk wheat is not resistant to this latest scourge of the grain-grower. "The answer is still in the laboratory," Robertson said. "But we all hope that scientists have at least won the race against one of the rust threats—the 15-B-3."

## SEED DISTRIBUTED

He reported that 125,000 bushels of Selkirk wheat seed, only developed last year, had been distributed to farmers in Manitoba and eastern Saskatchewan. The two areas hardest hit by wheat rust. The valuable seed was distributed on the basis of six bushels per farm . . . but larger supplies will be available this year.

There have been some other equally sensational new scientific developments that will be of benefit to farmers. In Canada, not just the Prairie grain-grower, Robertson said.

These improvements are in fertilisers, fungicides, chemical weed control and insecticides. To show how these startling new developments can affect every Canadian living, as a farm, Robertson listed exactly what they will do for Manitoba farmers.

He said more than 3,000,000 acres in the province were treated with the latest fungicides, which will boost grain output by at least a quarter of a bushel per acre.

## BIGGER INCOMES

Robertson said chemical weed control along the new line "will mean a tremendous increase in production of farmers." After paying for the chemical weed-killers, Manitoba farmers will reap an extra income of 1,500,000 acres treated so far totalling \$4,650,000.

Now insecticides will give a net added income of \$6,000,000 a year, while new fertilisers dusted upon nearly 2,000,000 acres of grain land will mean net income increase during 1954 of more than \$9,000,000.

Farmers across Canada will benefit from this scientific research. He added similar advances are being recorded in such specialised fields as fruit-growing, livestock production, and vegetable growing.

All levels of government in Canada are co-operating in these research projects, in laboratories, on experimental farms, and through the willing exchange of all their findings and pooling of their resources, Robertson said.

All of this is done with the aim of helping farmers combat their problems, thereby giving bigger and better production, which will provide steady in-

## British Cooking Not So Bad

London.

People used to frighten lovely Jenn Gilbert with stories about British cooking.

"They drown their vegetables," she was told.

"They slice roast beef with a razor."

"They pour a gluey substance which they called custard over stewed fruit."

"They fry bread in bacon fat for breakfast."

"Their coffee makes wonderful polish for brown shoes."

Miss Gilbert, official taster for the Diner's Club, wondered whether she could get insurance on her palate and digestion before coming here.

But today she said she had to admit it was mostly untrue.

There is a lot of bad cooking in Britain, but on the average, more than you might find in the United States or anywhere else Miss Gilbert has exercised her talented taste buds.

WONDERFUL MEALS

"And I have had some wonderful meals," said Miss Gilbert, who used to be a starlet in Hollywood and still looks more like a kitten than a businesswoman.

"Look at my hips," she said. I looked again.

"An inch I've gained," she chuckled. "That proves how good some of the food is that I've eaten because usually I just sample dishes rather than polish the plate."

Miss Gilbert said she found a few items she does not intend to add to her own cuisine, thank you—fried eels, for one and winkles and cockles for another.

These are strong sea food favourites with the British working class. And she is less than a fan for fruit in "custard."

DELICIOUS FISH

"But they have some of the most delicious fish in the world—especially grilled Dover sole," she said. "and prime Scottish beefsteak is heavenly—when you can get it. The British are beginning to adopt more foreign dishes and the higher-priced London restaurants are more cosmopolitan than British."

Miss Gilbert said the local "soufflé" ice cream was excellent but she had run into few other really native dishes except Lancashire hot pot (a stew) which she liked and Cornish pasties (meat pies) which she didn't.

"It looks to me," she concluded in the mild southern drawl which has enchanted the British, "that good restaurants all over the world cook pretty much the same general dishes with only an occasional native concoction thrown in. Dear, look at my hips?"—United Press.

Two enthusiastic spear-fishermen, Dentist Roderick G. McNeill, 35, and manufacturer Don Libkinder, 33, formed the club at Sydney in October, 1952, with the intention of new adventures and "a good time."

Then as membership increased, their experience widened, and equipment improved, scientists became interested and the scope of the club assumed great proportions.

It immediately became a serious aid to the scientific research under water, assumed a military value as the nucleus for instructors for "frogmen" if over the need arose, and proved without peer in certain rescue and recovery operations, out-moding in speed and efficiency orthodox diving.

The whole secret of the club's capabilities is the Porpoise underwater breathing apparatus—an Australian version of the aqua-lung—which allows a diver to move freely underwater without the hampering necessities of air and lift lines of orthodox diving.

Designed to provide a regular supply of air to a diver's lungs while underwater, the Porpoise is basically a cylinder containing 2,000 pounds of compressed air. This air is composed of approximately 79 per cent nitrogen and 21 per cent oxygen.

## UNHAMPERED

With a Porpoise apparatus strapped to his back, it's easy for a man to move unhindered along the ocean floor 100 feet or more below the surface. World record for free swimming "skin" diving is 390 feet. This was established by Frenchman Michel Fargues who perished at this depth.

The underwater Explorers' Club was not a year old when Governor-General Sir William Slim proclaimed sovereignty over Australia's "continental shelf" which extends in an irregular line right around the continent.

Immediate purpose of this action was to prevent unlicensed fishing fleets from working the rich pearl-shell beds of the North Australian coasts and to regulate pearl-fishing with a policy of conservation. The ownership claim was aimed directly at Japanese pearlers.

However, there's more wealth on the sea-bed than pearl-shell. Mineral oil deposits and probably useful plants and food are there to be found and exploited. There's also huge scientific interest in sea forms of life and activity in the ocean depths.

There's where the Australian Underwater Explorers' Club comes into the picture.

LOGICAL SOURCE

Compent observers here believe the club is the most logical source from which the government can draw men for exploration of the continental shelf—a new world about which man knows less than about the stars and planets.

Porpoise breathing apparatus not only causes a revolutionary change in pearl-shell recovery because it allows a man to stay underwater for considerable periods and does not hamper his movements.

Australia's sovereignty claim applied to more than a million square miles of territory 100 fathoms (600 feet) under the sea with a boundary of between 15,000 and 20,000 miles. Its greatest area is off Darwin.

However, much of the continental shelf is in depths much less than the limit of 600 feet and thousands of square miles are within easy reach by free-swimming "skin-diving" with the aid of aqua-lungs.

The knowledge and experience of the Underwater Explorers' Club members may ultimately be the means of mapping and surveying this strange new fantasy world of ramp, unbelievable beauty where gravity's force appears to almost equal that of the ocean.—United Press.

## HONESTY

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Howard L. Johnson of McPherson, Kan., has filed an application for registration of a trade mark with Wyoming's secretary of state. He claims the exclusive right to use the words "Old Something" in connection with distilled alcoholic liquors.—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Who's been chewing on my hockey stick?"

## Lifts That Are Both Weird And Wonderful

Toronto.

A "Lift with a brain" untouched by human hands, made its debut here and braved new frontiers in the little-known intriguing history of vertical transportation.

This newest job decides how many people it will take on get them where they should go and even waits for the "forgotten man"—the guy who sees the doors close as he breaks into a run.

The radical departure from the prosaic lift most people bump into brought to light the world's scattered collection of elevator esoterica.

For example, there may be found:

A Czechoslovakian lift used as a company president's office.

A Yugoslavian lift-mechanism job that has to be paid to go up and comes down without you.

An Arabian contrivance out-fitted like a harem, which travels only two storeys.

The Otis Elevator Company calls its new system "autotronic" controlled by an electric brain panel, the cars are adjusted to such things as surges, measure the time a passenger must wait to get a ride and adjust their schedule to meet rush-hour crowds.

The cars operate without the need of attendants. They are equipped with floor push buttons and at each stop, automatically open and close their doors and carry on.

They're actually forced automatically to make up for lost time. One that is late may be reversed before it reaches the top if there are no unanswered calls above. One that is late arriving at a lower terminal may have its waiting time reduced.

If a car is filled to capacity at a floor before its waiting time is up, it can leave immediately and another car will be dispatched electronically ahead of time to pick up the stragglers.

TAKE IT EASIER

In the morning rush, the "brain" moves the programming to top peak and the cars got passengers to their office desks in the shortest possible time. As business tapers off, the lifts take it easier. They even adjust to a heavier stream of people coming down than going up and vice-versa.

There are approximately 10,000 lifts in Canada, more than 204,000 in the United States, and some of them are dandies.

One in the University of Toronto Medical Building ships up cadavers used in experiments.

More exotic types are found overseas. The system used by the late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, boasted a two-storey lift with seat cushions covered with green, gold and white satin, and other trappings to match.

The high cost of electricity in Belgrade has forced the installation of self-serving lifts with coin slots. For one dinar (one-third of a cent) you can go up. It doesn't cost anything to come down because you have to walk. The elevator goes one way.

BUSINESS OFFICE

The President of the Bata Shoe Company, in Zliten, Czechoslovakia, uses a 10-storey lift as a business office.

It's equipped with desk, telephones, filing cabinets and anything else needed. When he wants to see someone on another floor he simply pushes a button to warn the manager, who hurries to the lift to meet him.

Canada's biggest lift is in Toronto's Bank of Commerce, where cars travel 35 floors to a height of 465 feet.

The Bank of Commerce shares the All-Canada lift speed record with the Sun Life Building in Montreal. They rip along at 800 feet per minute.

Canada's largest lift, at CPR pier in Vancouver, has a capacity of 40,000 pounds, measures 12'6" by 35' at the lift platform.—United Press.

## AMBITIOUS HELICOPTER SERVICE

Stockholm.

The Swedish Hans Osterman Air Company has everything set for regular helicopter traffic between Sweden and Denmark—except for planes big enough to make the two calculated lines profitable.

Mr P.R. Af Uhr, a former Swedish Air Force General, who is head of the Company, told UP that he has in vain been negotiating with British helicopter makers about the purchase of several large helicopters.

"After these efforts failed, we are turning to the US instead," Mr Af Uhr said. He refused to name the American aeroplane makers, contacted by the company and could not predict when the negotiations may be completed.

Mr Af Uhr said the Hans Osterman Company will ask for a licence to carry passengers from the Swedish Air Traffic Board as soon as they have purchased the planes.

"We plan to operate two lines over the sound between Denmark and Sweden. One, between Malmo and Copenhagen over the southern part of the sound and one between Helsingborg, Sweden, and Helsingor, Denmark at the northern sound," Mr Af Uhr said.

He also pointed out that there is a great interest for these plans in the four cities concerned. "I know that we will be allowed to establish helicopter stations in the centre of these cities and I am sure it will be a success," Mr Af Uhr concluded.—United Press.

## Chinese Version Of Hamlet

Hollywood.

Hollywood today boasts a hamlet who recites "alas, poor Yorick" in a Chinese accent while gazing at a tin can instead of a skull.

This latest fan of Shakespeare is out to prove his belief that the words of the bard are not necessarily reserved for actors such as Richard Burton and Laurence Olivier.

Chinese actor H. T. Tsiang is presenting his version of Hamlet, Chinese style, in this town of individualists.

This "Hamlet" has a definite oriental flavour.

Tsiang rings bells, as in the Chinese theatre, to mark the beginnings of scenes. For the duelling scenes he flourishes a can and the tin can takes the place of a skull.

"I use the can as symbolism," explained Tsiang. "It would be easy to get a skull. But that would be 100 per cent reality."

"The actor must be creative. A true actor," he cried, "doesn't expect the props to do the acting for him."

LOVES TO ACT

Tsiang is unknown except on the sidewalks of movietown, but in a way he is more of an actor than some of the big name thespians at the film factories. He loves to act.

He gets no pay for his "Hamlet." He stages free performances (but contributions from the small audiences are welcome) twice a week in a dance studio over a bus depot in Hollywood. Some days he travels to Pasadena to give his show in schools or hotel rooms.

Besides acting, he is his own press agent, ticket-taker, stage setter and prop boy. He wears a modern suit during the one-man drama. His scenery consists of a chair, curtain and a spotlight which he carries about in a battered suitcase. He works as movie extra to pay the rent.

When he's not acting, Tsiang strides through newspaper offices, his long, black hair and gray overcoat flapping behind him, to drum up interest in his venture.

"I came here from China several years ago and attended college," he said. "Then I took up acting. It took me six months to learn 'Hamlet'."

"John Barrymore is the only 'Hamlet' who projected emotion. The rest, not right. Laurence Olivier? He plays himself, not 'Hamlet.'"—United Press.

## Population Note

New Britain, Conn.

Dr John J. LaCava delivered 352 babies last year, an average of nearly one a day.—United Press.

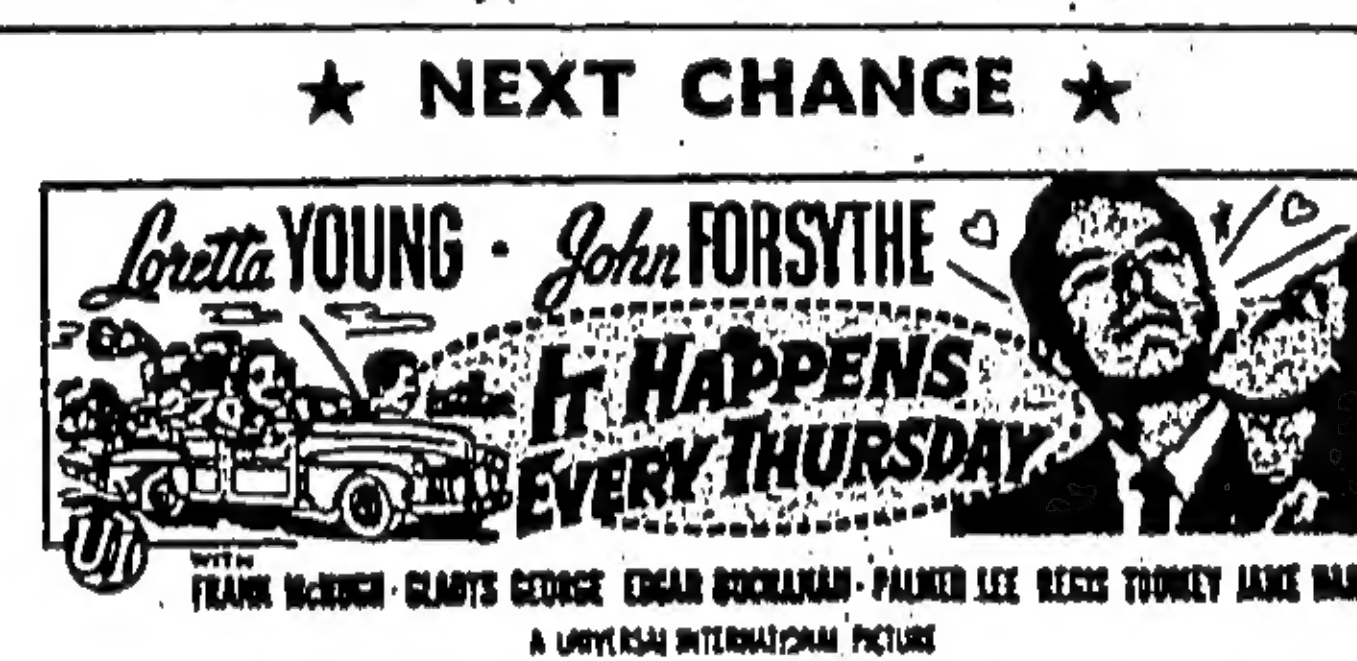
MORNING SHOW  
TO-MORROW  
AT 11.30 A.M.

London Films Presents  
"THE JUNGLE BOOK"  
IN TECHNICOLOR!  
Sponsored by WAH YAN PAST STUDENTS ASSN.  
Admissions: \$5.00, \$3.00, \$2.40 & \$1.50 Tax Incl.

LEE Theatre GREAT WORLD  
SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT  
PARAMOUNT & RKO RADIO Present  
Technicolor Cartoons Programme  
At 12.30 p.m. At Reduced Prices!



THE ONE MILLION U.S. DOLLAR PRODUCTION  
THAT HAS TOPPED ROME'S NEW EMPIRE.  
—Time Magazine



Directed by JEAN RENOIR  
Coming Shortly to the KING'S

**WATERPROOF** **ETERNA**

You want your watch to be accurate...

yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder — all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! • It is a gruelling test. • That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof — only then can you be sure of lasting precision. • The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy. • It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust — thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.

Sole Agents: ED. A. KELLER & CO. LTD.









"Mr. Billy Graham has told America that one in four first-born Britons are born out of wedlock, so Grandma insists that we find her birth certificate."

London Express Service

## CASE OF THE ODD-BABY-OUT

Madame Joye's dilemma came when she discovered that one of her twin sons had been switched at birth with another baby boy. Should she let things go on as before? Today she tells how she came to a decision and what happened...

by VICTOR PALMER

THE switching of babies at birth is a stock situation of melodrama, sometimes of farce. When it happens in real life it has the trappings of tragedy. Mothers in hospital who ask if it can happen are soon reassured. Each baby is marked at birth. A mistake is out of the question.

But in a hospital in the little Swiss town of Fribourg in 1941 the babies were not marked—only the cots. And in that hospital on June 4 three boys were born.

Madeleine Joye was told by a nurse that the midwife had made an error in recording the weight of one of her twin sons. He was 20 ounces heavier than the other, not the same weight. The card was altered.

Madame Joye took Paul and Philippe home to the modest house where she lived with her husband. The babies grew up. Philippe was small, self-sufficient, a little sad. Paul, the bigger of the two, developed into a vigorous, gay, passionate boy.

★ ★ ★

HE had had a difficult babyhood and perhaps for that reason, he became the favourite. But it was a devoted family.

Meanwhile, in a large flat at the other end of the town, in a German-speaking, rather richer household, little Ernstli lived with a reserved, aloof, but equally loving mother—the Madame X in Madeleine Joye's account of the ordeal which lay before them.

After the death of Monsieur X, the little boy became the widow's absorbing, only interest.

The paths of the two families had crossed only once, and then unknowingly, in the local hospital, on the night the three boys were born. They crossed

Wife Was Not My Son, by Madeleine Joye (Jarrold, 10s. 6d.).

in 1947, a month before their sixth birthday. It was at the Corpus Christi procession. Madame Joye had a sudden, unaccountable whim. Her husband must take a photograph of Ernstli and Philippe together. They were both the same kindergarten, and French was Philippe's double.

To Philippe she said, jokingly, "Give your hand to your real brother."

Had the doubt already existed? If so, this was the first time it was put into words. Madame X was standing near. She cut short attempts at conversation and hurried Ernstli away.

★ ★ ★

PERHAPS the Joyes would have been wiser to follow her example and ignore the incident. But the doubt nagged. Madame Joye remembered the midwife's mistake about Paul's weight, and went to see her.

The woman did not think it possible that she had made such an error. But she did remem-

ber the birth. The twins were unlovely, which meant they should be identical. As Philippe and Ernstli were.

Philippe had a malformation of the teeth. His frantic mother made an opportunity to inspect Ernstli's mouth. His teeth had the same abnormality.

And for the whole of the time it rained. They explained to him the circumstances of his birth. But he still called his new mother, his true mother, Madame Joye, and made it clear that he expected to return "home."

Only when the holiday was over did he understand the

truth. Then there were fresh tears and grief, much thumb-sucking, a slow and sad grafting of a new life to this family from which he had been torn away at birth.

There were other difficulties, too. Because of the extra attentions shown to his new twin brother, Philippe, already grieving for the lost Paul, made frequent scenes. The twins became jealous of each other. It took many months of care and patience for the family to settle down.

Ernstli was now speaking French and, in September, they changed his name to Charles. He began to call Madame Joye "Mummy." Just before Christmas he said that, although he would like to go back to Madame X, as there was a daddy in his new home, he would stay.

What of Paul? Madame Joye asked the principal of the school for news. She learned that "Ernst" was well and happy.

★ ★ ★

THAT night, Madame X telephoned to complain about the inquiry. "Bring up your children as you think fit and leave me to bring up mine. We owe each other nothing."

There was one meeting—in a swimming pool. Paul, or rather Ernst, had to be coaxed to come and speak to her. And now he called her Madame Joye.

That night there were more complaints from Madame X. But perhaps she was right. Perhaps a clean break was better for all their sakes.

Madame Joye's writing is overemotional and gushing at times embarrassing. But through it can be discerned her confusion and her anguish and the grief she feels for the son she lost, the son who still lives, but of whom nothing remains for her but memories, and a pair of crumpled pyjamas in a secret corner of a cupboard.



PAUL and PHILIPPE... Five and a half years old—together before it was suspected that they were not brothers.

But Madame X refused to submit her son to blood tests. The Joyes went to law, and obtained an order compelling Madame X to submit her son for examination.

The tests took place in Geneva in December. Laboratories in New York, London, Paris, Göttingen were consulted. It was a whole year after the Corpus Christi procession that the court in Fribourg re-assembled.

Blood tests, eye tests, measurements, skin grafting—all were conclusive. There remained no single loophole. On June 11, 1948, the judge issued an order for Paul and Ernstli to be exchanged.



CHARLES, formerly ERNSTLI. This picture was taken shortly after he came to his new home. He was very unhappy.

ber the birth. The twins were unlovely, which meant they should be identical. As Philippe and Ernstli were.

Philippe had a malformation of the teeth. His frantic mother made an opportunity to inspect Ernstli's mouth. His teeth had the same abnormality.

## FIVE NATIONS HAVE SOUGHT THIS ISLAND'S TREASURE

By Jack Senn

NORTH of Australia's coral reefed Torres Strait, 150 miles wide, lies New Guinea. Shaped like some strange bird, its plumage is exotic—dripping jungles and towering mountains, palm trees, orchids and tropical lianas.

The island's snakes, insects, leeches and head-hunters might have been enough to warn off trespassers.

Yet the last fifty years have seen four nations struggle to gain possession of it.

A fifth enters the lists. Indonesia wants to take Holland's place. At UNO she is claiming the island as part of the legacy of independence.

At the turn of the century, New Guinea fell into the hands of an expanding Germany. Few then guessed what really lay hidden under New Guinea's jungle blanket.

Some believed that the island was part of a lost

continent which cradled civilisation; others that it held hidden, deserted cities like Indo-China's Angkor Wat.

A few, following the tale of an ancient Indian tablet, thought that a people lost there had invented the aeroplane centuries ago.

Again, others believing a sixteenth century Spanish sea captain, Alvaro Saavedra, who called it the Golden Isle, bluntly spoke of gold.

The Australians, after capturing the island from the Germans in 1914, were given its trusteeship in 1920.

It was then that the first effective contact with the inhabitants was made.

The tribesmen who came to meet the Australians were friendly, but they were to learn later that others cherished more ominous ideas in the jungle.

### Not Backward

QUICKLY, the Australians found that they were not as backward as imagined.

Their first shock came when the islanders refused salt as money; they were extracting their own from salt springs.

In other ways, they were progressive too.

In their villages were elaborate systems of sunken roads. These served for transport, for carrying off rainwater or as moats for protecting their sweet potato crops from ravaging pigs.

And the people were careful about their appearance. Wig-making was an important part of everyday life.

Such a people, the Australians believed, would at least know where gold existed. And they did.

They asserted gold glittered on the sands at the headwaters of the Markham and Bulolo rivers. But that was as far as their services went.

Australians who attempted the venture singly through the jungle were never heard of again. Only armed groups were safe from bandits and head-hunters.

### Old Hands

BUT in 1921 three old hands, Mat Crowe, Arthur Darling and "Sharkey" Park, who had hidden in the Marobe Ranges during the German occupation, pretending to shoot birds of paradise, found the islanders' treasure.

They tried to keep it secret but whispers went round that "Sharkey" was on "good gold." It was only a matter of time before the world knew of it. Soon fortune hunters arrived in hundreds.

But the rush could not beat the steaming jungle and the bitter cold mountains. Supplies were limited. Big-scale mining was impossible. At one stage dysentery halved the population.

Many despaired and turned back. Then former District Officer J. Levein, tough and experienced, came on the scene—and put the island amongst the world's gold-producing countries.

Through his efforts, minor like Edie Creek were developed to show, in places, 2200 to the yard. He introduced modern techniques, so that today gold mined by seventeen companies forms one of New Guinea's main exports.

But Levein himself had died in Melbourne before his venture showed profits.

### Green Hell

IN 1942 the Japanese occupation turned this island into a green hell for Allied troops.

Apart from its strategic value, why did Japan want New Guinea? Was it its gold, its timber, copra or rubber? Or like Walter Raleigh's "El Dorado," was it a blind speculation?

The answer came five years later, after V-J Day, when the territory was divided between Holland and Australia.

## SHINY EMBROIDERY CO.

OFFER YOU  
A  
FINE SELECTION OF  
EASTER GIFT ITEMS  
AT  
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

	Usual	Now
Brocade Housecoats	\$60.—	\$35.00
Tapestry Evening Jackets	72.—	30.00
Lounging Pyjamas	54.—	30.00
Fullette Embroidered Blouses	10.—	5.00
Pure Silk Georgette Negligee	45.—	15.00
Pure Linen Blouses (with Rosebuds)	18.—	8.50

AND MANY OTHER ITEMS

8, On Lan Street, Hongkong. Tel: 22085  
(Street opposite S. C. M. Post Bldg.)

## Parisian Grill

TO-NIGHT

PAT KAY & BETTY ANKERS.

Jack Geller  
At The  
Hammond Organ

For Reservations Tel. 27880

**Embroidered Linens**  
Single Articles at Wholesale Prices. All kinds of Best Hand Embroidered Table-covers and Handkerchiefs. Available. Monograms on Handkerchiefs and Scarfs made to order.

**HOW SANG LINEN CO. LTD.**  
4A, Campbell Road, Kowloon.

## Made to order— for an ill-fated Queen



The MAZARINETTE. This superb watch, made by Abraham Louis Breguet for Marie Antoinette, contained all the complications known in the 18th century. Its movement contained hour, quarter and minute repeaters; independent centre hands; small seconds; perpetual calendar; moonphase power reserve indicator; and, finally, a metallic thermometer! Every part, where possible, was made from solid gold, and this masterpiece took nearly twenty years to complete.



IN 1783, the great watchmaker Abraham Louis Breguet was commissioned to make the finest watch the world had ever seen, for his Queen, Marie Antoinette.

He worked nearly twenty years to complete this project. But long before he could finish, the beautiful Marie Antoinette had met her fate at the guillotine.

Such is the story of this labour of love for a gracious Queen, who was destined never to see its completion.

Today, conditions demand a more practical approach. While we still demand beauty and

elegance, we demand also utmost reliability, perfect accuracy, compactness and durability. All these, and many other features, are incorporated in the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust.

Here is a graceful gold wrist-watch whose intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, powder and perspiration by the famous Oyster waterproof case. It is self-wound by means of the exclusive Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor," and it shows the date automatically in a gold frame.

Every Rolex Datejust is an Officially Certified Chronometer, having successfully passed the stringent tests of a Swiss Government Testing Station.

In this 20th century, the Rolex Datejust serves as an eloquent reminder that the days of patient craftsmanship and infinite skill are not just a thing of the past.



**ROLEX**

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



Today's masterpiece—the Rolex Datejust. Perfectly waterproof, infallibly self-winding, automatically and clearly showing the date, the Rolex Datejust serves as a reminder that the pride of true craftsmanship is still alive and very much in evidence.

The Rolex Red Seal is a sign used by Rolex to show that the watch to which it is attached has successfully passed the tests of an Official Government Testing Station and has been awarded the title of "Chronometer." Every Rolex Datejust carries with it the Rolex Red Seal.



# A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY STARTS TODAY

ON glancing through my notes, I find it recorded that the night of November 10 saw the first heavy blizzard of the winter of 1886.

The day had been dark and cold with a bitter searching wind that moaned against the windows and, as the early dusk deepened into night, the street lamps glimmering through the gloom of Baker Street, disclosed the first flurries of snow and sleet swirling along the empty glistening pavements.

Scarcely three weeks had passed since my friend Sherlock Holmes and I had returned from Dartmoor on the conclusion of that singular case, the details of which I have recorded elsewhere under the name of the Hound of the Baskervilles and, though several inquiries had been brought to my friend's notice since that time, none was of a nature to appeal either to his love of the bizarre or to challenge that unique combination of logic and deduction which depended for its inspiration upon the intricacies of the problem which lay before it.

A merry fire was crackling in the grate, and as I leaned back in my chair and let my eyes wander about the untidy cosiness of our sitting-room I had to admit that the wildness of the night and the rattle of the sleet upon the window panes served merely to increase my own sense of contentment.

On the far side of the fireplace Sherlock Holmes was curled up in his armchair, languidly turning over the pages of a black index book marked "B" in which he had just completed certain entries under "Baskerville," and giving vent to occasional chuckles and ejaculations as his eyes wandered over the names and notes covering every page of the volume.

I had flung down The Lancet with some idea of encouraging my friend to touch upon one or two of the names which were strange to me when, beneath the sobbing of the wind, my ears caught the faint sound of the door-bell.

"You have a visitor," I said.

"Surely a client, Watson," Holmes replied, lying aside his book. "And on urgent business," he added, with a glance at the rattling window

panes. "These inclement nights are invariably the herald of—"

His words were interrupted by a rush of feet on the staircase, the door was burst open and our visitor stumbled into the room.

He was a short, stout man, wrapped up in a dripping mackintosh cape and wearing a bowler hat tied under his chin by a woollen muffler. Holmes

friend said thoughtfully. "When the butler from some wealthy household rushes on the spur of the moment through a snow-storm in order to fall senseless on my humble carpet, I am tempted to visualise some affair of greater moment than a broken till."

"My dear Holmes," I would stake a guinea that there is a livery beneath that

## The Adventure of the ABBAS RUBY

by ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

had tilted the lampshade, so that the light shone towards the door and, for a moment, the man remained motionless, staring at us across the room while the moisture from his sudden garment dripped in dark stains upon the carpet.

He would have been a comical figure, with his tubbiness and his fat face framed in its encircling muffler, were it not for the impression of helpless misery in the man's brown eyes and in the shaking hands with which he plucked at the absurd bow beneath his chin.

"TAKE off your coat and come to the fire," said Holmes kindly.

"I must indeed apologise, gentlemen, for my untoward intrusion," he began. "But I fear that circumstances have arisen which threaten—"

"Quick, Watson!"

But I was too late. There was a thud and a groan and there lay our visitor senseless upon the carpet.

Seizing some brandy from the sideboard, I ran to force it between his lips while Holmes, who had loosened the man's muffler, craned over my shoulder.

"What do you make of him, Watson?" he asked.

"He has had a severe shock," I replied. "From his appearance, he seems a comfortable, respectable person of the grocer class and doubtless we will find out more about him when he has recovered."

"Tut, I think that we might venture a little further," my

long thin fingers on the other's wrist. On previous occasions I have noted Holmes's almost magnetic power for asserting a sense of peace and comfort over the minds of those in distress. It was so in this case, and the wild panic-stricken gleam faded slowly in the man's eyes.

"Come, now, give me the facts," Sherlock Holmes enjoined after a moment.

"My name is Andrew Joliffe," began our visitor more calmly, "and for the past two years I have been employed as butler to Sir John and Lady Doverton at Manchester Square."

Sir John Doverton, the horticulturist?

"Yes, sir. Indeed, there's them that say that his flowers, and especially his famous red carnations, are a model to all other butlers."

John then even the Abbas Ruby and all his other family treasures. I take it you know about the ruby, sir?"

"I know of its existence. But tell me in your own words."

"Well, it makes one frightened just to look at it. Like a big drop of blood it is, with a touch of devil's fire smouldering in its heart. In two years I had seen it only once, for Sir John keeps it in the safe in his bedroom, locked up like some deadly poisonous creature that shouldn't even know the light of day. To-night, however, I saw it for the second time. It was just after dinner, when one of our guests, Captain Masterman, suggested to Sir John that he should show them the Abbas Ruby."

"Their names," interposed Holmes languidly.

"Names, sir? Ah, you mean the guests. Well, there were Captain Masterman, who is her ladyship's brother, Lord and Lady Brackmister, Mrs. Dunbar, the Right Hon. William Radford, our member of Parliament, and Mrs. Fitzsimmons-Lemling."

Holmes scribbled a word on his cuff. "Pray continue," said he.

"I was serving coffee in the library when the Captain made his suggestion and all the ladies began to clamour to see the gem. I would prefer to show you the red camellias in the conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"I'm glad you know, Sir," he muttered at last, "as God is my judge I've kept straight since I came out three years ago."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."



"The camellias had gone."

"Then let us judge for ourselves," smiled Mrs. Dunbar, and Sir John went upstairs and brought down the jewel-case. As he opened it on the table and they all crowded round, her ladyship told me to light the lamps in the conservatory as they would be coming shortly to see the red camellias. But there were no red camellias."

"I FAIL to understand."

"They'd gone, sir! Gone, every single one of them," cried our visitor hoarsely. "When I entered the conservatory, I just stood there holding the lamp above my head and wondering if I was stark mad. There was the famous shrub all right, but the flowers were all gone, and the stems were as bare as a stick."

"The door had flown open and a tall fair-haired man, wrapped in the curls in a snow-powdered cape, strode into the room."

"Ah, Gregson, we were expecting you."

"No doubt, Mr. Holmes," replied Inspector Gregson drily. "Well, this is our man and so we'll be getting along."

"Our wretched client leaped to his feet. 'But I'm innocent! I never touched it!' he yelled."

The police agent smiled sourly, and drawing from his pocket a flat box, he shook it under his prisoner's nose.

"God save us, it's the jewel-case!" gasped Joliffe.

"There, he admits it! Where was it found, you say? It was found where you put it, my man, under your mattress."

Joliffe's face had turned the colour of ashes. "But I never touched it," he repeated dully.

"One moment, Gregson," interposed Holmes. "When were they seen last?"

"I saw them at four, and as her ladyship picked one shortly before dinner, they were there about eight o'clock. But the flowers are of no matter, Mr. Holmes. It's the ruby!"

"Ah!"

"OUR visitor leaned forward in his chair."

"The library was empty for only a few minutes," he continued almost in a whisper. "But when Sir John, fair de-mented over the mystery of his flowers, returned and opened the drawer, the Abbas Ruby, together with its jewel-case, had vanished as completely as the red camellias."

"For a moment we sat in silence, broken only by the tinkle of burning embers falling in the grate."

"Joliffe," I mused. Holmes examined it closely. "Most interesting," he said at length. "By the way, Joliffe, was the ruby mounted?"

"It was set in a carved gold locket and chain. But oh, Mr. Holmes—"

"Rest assured I will do my best for you. Well, Gregson, we will detain you no longer."

"The Scotland Yard man snatched a pair of handkerchiefs on our unhappy visitor and the moment later the door had closed behind them."

The man buried his face in his hands.

"I'm glad you know, Sir," he muttered at last, "as God is my judge I've kept straight since I came out three years ago."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

"The conservatory," said Sir John. "The specimen that my wife is wearing in her gown is surely more beautiful than anything to be found in a jewel-box, as you can judge for yourselves."

## EDDIE CALVERT IS FED UP WITH 'OH MEIN PAPA'

By René MacColl

ALTHOUGH it has turned into an irresistible hit on both sides of the Atlantic, a wailing lament of a song, entitled "Oh, Mein Papa" is not everybody's plate of syrup.

Not, for example, MacColl's. And not, more surprisingly, that of a 32-year-old walking success story from Preston, Lancashire, named Eddie ("Golden Lips") Calvert.

For Eddie has put "O.M.P." into the very big time by dint of a limpidly trumpeted record which has so far sold close on one and a half million copies all over the world, may hit three million before the upward graph fades, and has to date netted the Preston pride £10,000.

It has also indirectly landed Eddie, who readily admits to the title of "World's Greatest Trumpet Player," with a near nervous breakdown. For on a ten-day visit to the United States, where they gave him a record of you-know-what made all of gold, to mark the coming sales, he contracted only a scant three nights of broken sleep.

That, plus being exposed for the first time to a Chicago "convention" in full cry (the annual get-together of the Music Operators of America, where the award was made), plus various diet troubles, produced a collapse when Eddie got back to London.

"I feel as if there's a void right behind me, and I may be going to fall backwards into it," remarked Eddie as he toyed with a trout at lunch. "I'm better, but still a bit wacky."

### CONTRAST

EDDIE is short, with a tip-tilted nose, large, dark eyes, and there is a hint of melancholy about him, despite the vast success which he enjoys.

But as for "Oh, Mein Papa," he explained to me rather resentfully that that side of the record wasn't supposed to be the main attraction. It was the other side, entitled "Mystery Street," which Eddie liked, and which was intended to sell the disc.

"To form a contrast," says Eddie, "I played 'Papa' very simply. No frills. A 'throw-away.' So what happens? It turns into a smash hit."

Eddie's papa, a shoe-repairer, who likes to play in brass bands around Preston in his spare time, was not angry when he discovered that seven-year-old Eddie had been practising with his father's cornet on the sly.

Instead, he encouraged him. At 12, Eddie was playing a solo ("Home Sweet Home," with

lots of tremolo) for the late Lord Derby at Knowsley, and plans for a career as an electrical engineer had been junked.

Eddie was invalided out of the Army in 1942, and with £15 borrowed from his papa, set out to conquer the chance, erratic, and tension-strung world of dance bands and show business.

It was tough going, although, when he started getting £5 10s. a week from his first job with a Manchester band, "I felt like a millionaire."

In 1943 he got to London, at £15 a week with the B.L.C. Dance Orchestra. Next, I discovered, Eddie was an awe-murdered down the years. "You know, until then the word 'club' had only meant something like a slat club or a working-man's club to me. But suddenly..."

Yes, suddenly the going got tougher, and more hectic than ever. Up went the money—£10, £20, £30, £45 a week—but Eddie, in the 1944-5 period, sometimes found himself playing in four different night clubs every night.

The manager had repeatedly told him for taking a drink with a guest in the bar. "I saw this lovely girl on the dance floor," says Eddie, "and gave her the bandman's glad eye. Got it right back, too, so I asked her to have a drink."

A few months later they were married, and today, Eddie and his wife, Josephine Calvert, formerly the chief cashier in a movie chain, is Eddie's chief manager—"and you couldn't have a shrewder."

In those days, when the war was ending, Eddie was beginning to get recording dates, and doing the odd broadcast with bands like Maurice Winnick's, Joe Loss's, and Harry Roy's. Then he was with Gerald's Orchestra, but one day I realised there was no future in just playing in other people's bands. So I started my own—and practically starved through 1948."

The tide turned—"but it was a long, long cbb, believe me," Eddie crashed, variety, and began making more and more records.

Now fortune is soaring to High C for Eddie Calvert and his 18-carat golden trumpet. In America they offered him \$500 dollars (£1,250) for a three-minute spot on TV. He couldn't say because of some shemazie with the musicists' union, but he expects this to be cleared up soon and is probably headed for Hollywood.

"But, as for 'Oh, Mein Papa,' I'm fed up with hearing the damn thing," says Eddie. "It's like having a six-inch nail jammed through my head."

We left the restaurant and strolled round to Eddie's modest walk-up flat, just off Charing Cross Road.

On the way we stopped to buy his recording of "O.M.P." It is the only one of his records that he does not keep proudly at home. "Couldn't bear to, Rene, but I do want you to hear 'Mystery Street' on the back—I mean front."

UPROAR

IN the living-room of the flat we quickly achieved uproar. From the gramophone came Eddie's rendition of "Mystery Street," followed by his newest number "Midnight."

The telephone and front door bells were going. Eddie and Josephine were carrying on a conversation about business, and Eddie's dog was barking happily.

"Do you blame me for having a nervous breakdown?" asked the maestro plaintively. "But, you know, I do feel I'm helping to educate the people in this country with my playing."

"Educating them?" I queried. "Yes, educating them to buy more records."

Unthinkingly I turned over "Mystery Street" and put on "O.M.P." But hardly had the first scurrying notes started to drift through the room when Eddie bounded over and switched off. "Not that," he begged. "Anything but that."



Music, friendly moments  
—and Coca-Cola

It's mighty pleasant to top a friendly moment with delicious Coca-Cola.  
It's refreshing, pure and wholesome.  
It's matchless in flavour, supreme in quality—the perfect drink to share with a friend. Have you tried Coca-Cola?



Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by  
HONGKONG BOTTLERS Federal Inc. U.S.A.

H.K. 334 F

## CITY OF FROZEN FACES

By WINIFRED GASKIN

I SEEM to remember reading something about "little words," which like pebbles dropped into a pool, form ever-widening ripples in conversation or thought.

Whoever wrote that never tried the pebble-in-the-pool technique in an English suburban train.

There, the conversational pebble makes not even a chink against the rock as it falls to rest in granite gloom.

The gloom, of course, is the faded English reserve, the butt of humourists, the despair of foreigners.

And those who underscore the carriages' stony silences note, too, that London seems a chilly city to its strangers. In public, its nine millions seem to walk hushed on tiptoe as if in some vast cathedral.

Into Piccadilly Circus, heart of London, six streets apart. But except for the hum of traffic, there is little other noise. Here is action, swift and steady, but somehow strangely muted.

The crowds in Oxford Street, London's great shopping centre, perhaps best illustrate the "quiet note" of the world's largest city. Hurrying, they fill the pavements and spill precariously into the roadway. But they are mostly silent.

Friends out shopping speak in hushed tones, and the buses and cabs, the vans and coaches, the bicycles even, slip by as if they, too, were bating their breath.

It is unpardonable to sound a horn in London except on strongest provocation, even in areas where it is legal. And even when it is vital to use this last resort the result is not the gay flourish, the trumpet-like call, or the cheery toot-toot of other cities. It is an impatient, little chord expressing annoyance at having to commit this social error.

### Rush Hour

Kling's Cross, at rush hour, is probably one of the world's busiest railway stations. But it could hardly qualify for the title of "most subdued." In the Underground there is little need for loudspeakers. The guard's voice is easily heard with no vocal effort on his part.

The scurrying thousands look straight ahead and through each other with so many blind eyes. Seldom do people appear to meet a cherished friend. And if they do, few would dare to call out in recognition. For that would be like shouting in church.

The thunder of the train emerging from the tunnel disturbs the echoes. The crowd springs to life and surges towards the open doors. There is standing room only, and not much of that. Silently they pile in and overflow down the passage ways. And there they stand and wait.

"Mi-the-dose" (Mind the doors) the guard calls, and the doors slide together. Sometimes a body is put half inside. Still wordless, those within squeeze tighter together or the guard lends a hand to ram in the human overflow a little further. "Mi-the-dose" again; the doors close, the train pulls out.

Each one is preoccupied—reading, knitting, staring. Even strap-hangers remain aloof from the neighbours who jostle them.

But are the English really so cold and indifferent? See the light that comes into their eyes when a woman enters the train with a small child—the friendly smiles, the whispered remarks, all the overtures of friendliness, to the child.

No, the English are not really cold. In the dark of a cinema or theatre they can enjoy the most elusive joke, although their muscle hall humour is often intelligible only to themselves.

They are sentimental over animals. A family of cats on a bombed site in the City roared a daily lunch basket from workmen on a nearby building.

And recently a man gave his life to save his dog. It almost seems as if the English, believing themselves to be as "others" see them, have built up the tradition of cold reserve in public—an unwritten law passed down the generations. Or perhaps they just do not care how "others" see them.

The chatty little child of five is smiled upon; but the twelve-year-old boy will change the smiles to frowns if he cannot sit still.

In public transport, the chatter of foreigners is tolerated with indulgence. After all, they weren't brought up in English traditions. But an Englishman is a target for displeasure when he breaks the rules.

More Noise

I come from a city with a population not greater than one of London's smaller boroughs. But in comparison we make more noise than London's millions.

When I came to Britain a year ago from British Guiana I felt lonely in the stillness of London's streets. Today, a woman laughed loudly—and my ear registered offence.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.

And recently a man gave his life to save his dog. It almost seems as if the English, believing themselves to be as "others" see them, have built up the tradition of cold reserve in public—an unwritten law passed down the generations. Or perhaps they just do not care how "others" see them.

The chatty little child of five is smiled upon; but the twelve-year-old boy will change the smiles to frowns if he cannot sit still.

In public transport, the chatter of foreigners is tolerated with indulgence. After all, they weren't brought up in English traditions. But an Englishman is a target for displeasure when he breaks the rules.

More Noise

I come from a city with a population not greater than one of London's smaller boroughs. But in comparison we make more noise than London's millions.

When I came to Britain a year ago from British Guiana I felt lonely in the stillness of London's streets. Today, a woman laughed loudly—and my ear registered offence.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.

And now my own land will be strange after the silence of London—the noisy, footed pedestrians who stride along on rubber-soled shoes, the endless stream of motor-cars, the relentless traffic snarl-ling like bees on a distant shore.



**POCKET CARTOON**  
by OSBERT LANCASTER



**Few Knew  
The Wine  
Shop Earl**  
From  
Ronald Singleton

ONLY a few customers ever bothered to ask who was the courteous, elderly man who served behind the counter of a little wine shop on New York's East Side.

His accent told them he was English—that was all.

Then he disappeared... suffered a stroke at his desk, they were told.

A week later they learnt that Archibald Vincent Acheson, 76, fifth Earl of Gosford—the man who could talk so knowingly of good wines—had died in a Manhattan hospital.

And they discovered that one of his sisters was Lady Cadogan, wife of Sir Alexander Cadogan, former chief of the U.K. delegation to the United Nations.

Amongst his own circle of wine connoisseurs and stamp collectors—turns were another of his interests—he was a well-known figure.

**Never**

Over the past seventeen years, they had loved to drop in for a chat about vintage and rare issues with the man who, in World War I, had been head of the British Women's Army Corps.

Vincent Acheson was as fond of New York and New Yorkers as any American.

He came to the U.S. in 1928 and decided to make New York City his home.

But to friends who asked him about becoming an American citizen, Lord Gosford would say: "Never for a minute would I consider it!"

And Lady Gosford, his American-born wife, formerly Beatrice Clifton, would add: "Never for a minute would I become a British citizen."

Both got along fine together, each loving each other's country very much, as they used to tell their friends.

As a Coldstream Guards officer, Lord Gosford fought and was wounded in both the Boer War and World War I.

He was decorated with the Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre; then he became Assistant Adjutant General and chief of the Women's Army Corps, a job which convinced him, he used to say: "The best chaplain for a young woman is a pair of cotton stockings."

**Needlework**

He went to China in 1918 as director of a tobacco company, but found it too far from home.

Ten years later he took the advice of a friend who suggested he go to the U.S. and become a grocer.

In World War II he served as a captain of the New York City patrol corps after the late Mayor F.H. La Guardia persuaded his board to accept a foreign citizen.

Curiously, one of his hobbies was needlework.

In 1933 he entered a sampler of his coat of arms with the motto "Vigilantibus" in an exhibition of "Needlework of Today" in the Vornay Galleries.

"He never regretted making New York his home," Lady Gosford said. "The Far East was too far away from London for him to resist, but from here he could be back in London within a few days any time he wished."

Surviving him are two sons, John Vincent Acheson, now the sixth Earl, and Patrick Acheson, and two daughters, Baroness von den Busche and Senora Mary A. de Corcuera.

**The shattering fall from grace  
of M. Carpentier,  
idol of France**

The Fight that Finished the Champion

by GEORGE WHITING

GEORGES CARPENTIER, who celebrated his 60th birthday in his Paris restaurant in January, was once described by Arnold Bennett as "having the appearance of a barrister, a poet, a musician, a Foreign Office attaché, a Fellow of All Souls... and an air of intellectual or artistic distinction."

Bernard Shaw called him "a genius, the reincarnation of Charles XII, with the stance and poise of the statues of Greek gymnasts."

These smooth and erudite smiles offered a true enough picture of the most resourceful fighting man ever to throw a punch in France. But suppose your Charles XII and your Fellow of All Souls gets his torso battered and his handsome face mashed up by an ape-man from West Africa? Those same smiles, I suggest, must then give way to an entirely new series—coined in earlier terms of sacks of potatoes, blood-stuffed pillows and stuck pigs.

**SUNNY AFTERNOON**

Never in all the loud and lurid history of the fight game has there been a more shattering fall from grace than that of Carpentier at the black hands of Battling Siki on Sunday, September 24, 1922. To all intents and purposes, it finished the international championship career of the greatest cruiserweight personality of his time—even if he did recover sufficiently to score his second one-round knock-out over our own Joe Beckett in London a year later.

Picture Paris that sunny Sunday afternoon nearly 32 years ago. We are in two camps, we fight-fans of France. Either we are on our way to see our idol, the magnificent Georges, chop Siki to pieces at his own immaculate convenience; or we are deliberately staying away from the Velodrome Buffalo because we consider the whole affair to be a phoney, a take-on, designed to part us from our hard-won francs.

Who is this Siki, anyway? And by what right does he dare to challenge Carpentier for the world title that our hero has won against Battling Levinsky in the United States?

**COUNT OF SIX**

Carpentier was several grades higher than a president or a trade union leader in the France of those days—still rated second best heavyweight to Jack Dempsey, to whom he had lost that sensational world title fight in Jersey City the previous year.

And Siki? Just a coal-black Senegalese sacrifice from St. Louis, West Africa, where he had been born 25 years earlier and given the name of Louis Phal. His introduction to Paris was in the role of dishwasher.

Brave? Certainly—brave enough to have won the Croix de Guerre and the Legion of Honour as a conscript with the French Colonial forces in the 1914-18 war. A boxer? Never in your life—nothing more than a sub-human slinger of indiscriminate fists, ugly, unkempt, entirely without style and almost entirely without code.

No, monsieur, this Siki is a joke. The whole affair is ridiculous. Georges will eat him.

Carpentier, untrained and out of trim—why should he train for this nonsense?—came from his corner in the manner of a cavalier, flashed his smile, panted a few "punches," and stood back courteously when the half-scared Siki collapsed to his knees without being hit.

The faces had begun. Many in the crowd began to read their newspapers, others to howl for their money back.

Again, in the first minute of the second round, the ebony stooge was on the floor from no apparent cause. He took a count of six—and then, irritated and tormented as much by the jeering crowd as by the prickling licks of his posturing opponent, Siki forgot his lines. The whipping boy went berserk. The doll became a demon.

Leaping from the canvas, Siki flung himself furiously at the astonished Carpentier in a blaze of unorthodox "punches," and Carpentier, debonair no longer, went sprawling to his knees from the unhandsome right-hander in all creation.

The indignity lasted two seconds. Then Carpentier aimed his internationally famous straight right at Siki's jaw, missed, and was immediately overwhelmed by the wildcat man he had sought to humiliate. Only instinct kept Carpentier upright under the storm.

**SIKI DOWN!**

Momentarily, when a right hook tumbled Siki in the third round, it seemed that Carpentier might yet rescue his reputation from impending disaster. But the woolly-topped West African, no longer a puppet to be played with strings, bounced up without a count, and rushed at his man with such venom that Carpentier, seeking to side-step, slipped and fell. Whereupon Siki, not yet completely beyond the beau geste, stepped forward to help his rival to his feet.

But Carpentier, it seemed, was in no mood to appreciate in others the gallantry for which he himself was famous, and signalled his fury by smashing his left

hand into the undefended face of his opponent. Again, as Siki lowered his guard when the ball pounded for the end of the round, Carpentier whipped over another sneak punch—this time a full-blooded right-hander on those thick Senegalese lips.

These non-regulation manoeuvres ended for all time Carpentier's chances of recovery, or even survival. They earned him stern reproof from the referee, turned an indignant crowd violently and noisily against him and, above all, removed the last remaining shreds of restraint and control from the snarling man in the opposite corner.

Round four—a shambles. Skulls snapped together as the desperate, pain-stricken Carpentier sought shelter in the clinches from the rain of punishment that gashed his mouth, split wide the skin surrounding his right eye, and brought blood cascading from his nose.

**A CRIMSON MESS**

For the whole of the fifth round Siki flung his savagery at the crimson mess that half an hour earlier had been the handsome face in the fight game. Only instinct, the instinct of a champion, kept Carpentier on his feet, and prompted him to seek revenge by means of one mighty pay-for-all right-hander at the beginning of the sixth.

But his last-gasp effort, born of pain, fizzled out pathetically as the cock-a-hoop Siki brushed it aside and thundered his avalanche of punches at any target within reach.

An upbush left swing, full on the mouth, sent Carpentier to the ropes like a dying fish in a net; attacker and defender thrashed the air, and there was Carpentier, fallen idol of France, but on his back with one leg twitching grotesquely in the autumn air.

The fight was over.

Joyful takers of profitable odds hoisted Siki to their shoulders. Officials swarmed the ring. The crowd cheered and howled and demanded its verdict.

"Messieurs," crackled the loudspeakers, "the referee has disqualified Siki for tripping. Carpentier is the winner."

That did it. The whole jam-packed arena exploded into a frenzied bedlam as justice was demanded for Siki, as stormy passage through the mob was forced for Carpentier by short-tempered gentlemen, and as officials rushed about in fruitless attempts to quell the Gallic pandemonium.

**THE AFTERMATH**

Best part of an hour later, with most of the angry crowd still roaring its indignation, the referee's decision was rescinded, and the judges declared that Siki, conqueror of Carpentier on a technical knockout, was the new cruiserweight champion of the world.

Aftermath? Plenty of it. The French Boxing Commission decided that everything pertaining to Carpentier versus Siki had been strictly legitimate.

Siki bought himself a lion cub, lost his title to Mike McTigue in Ireland, toured the U.S.A., fell foul of the police, and got himself murdered in a tavern brawl in New York's "Hell's Kitchen" on December 15, 1923.

And Carpentier? His good looks came back, but never again did Gorgeous Georges come within fighting distance of the world title he jet alip to an opponent he despised in the sunshine of a Sunday afternoon in Paris.

WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED

**NEXT SATURDAY:**

Jack Paterson—the boxer who got away

**JUST WHAT IS  
A SAUSAGE?**

By LES ARMOUR

London. HER Majesty's food experts will sit down around a table shortly—to decide what is a sausage and what is not a sausage.

A serious problem this. The sausage is an essential ingredient in the English way of life. Few breakfast tables are not complete without it. Scarcely a dinner table escapes the sausage for more than a few days at a time.

And, lately, the sausage has posed a neat problem: It is hard to decide whether to put sauce or marmalade on the thing.

**He's Particular**

The Englishman is particular about these things. Sauce is a thing you just DON'T eat on bread. Neither do you eat marmalade on meat.

But the "sausage" may well contain a preponderance of either.

A year ago, there was a law governing these matters. A pork sausage had to be 65 percent pork. A beef sausage had to contain 50 percent meat—any kind of meat, not necessarily beef.

Then the law was repealed. The Government proclaimed its faith in the efficacy of competition. The inevitable laws of economics would see that sausage eaters got a fair deal.

**Mostly Bread**

Alas, like so many laws in economics, this one looked much better in the text books than on the breakfast table.

Some sausages have been remarkably good—up to 85 percent pork. Others have been remarkably bad. Some of them taste as though they were 95 percent bread.

Manufacturers have appealed to the government to set up new regulations. They fear that the inferior products will bring the very concept of sausage into disrepute. They are convinced that sausage and

marmalade will never become a national dish. City analysts have made similar appeals. They are worried about nutrition. Food inspectors take the same view. And ordinary citizens are even more irate. Trouble is, after all, that a sausage full of bread LOOKS just like a sausage full of meat. So the Food Ministry has asked the local governments throughout the country to decide what they think a sausage should be. The results will be sifted by the Ministry's experts and a new law drafted.

**They'll Shop By Covered  
Way In Snow City**

By FREDERICK ELLIS

YOU will not find Kitimat on the usual maps, for Kitimat, which the Red Indians call "The Land of the Falling Snows," was no more than a cluster of huts for Indian fishermen a few months ago.

Now a town for 50,000 people is rising, a community of size in British Columbia, where mountains almost outnumber people. It rises on land where, since time began, only lofty pine trees have stood—450 miles from the city life of Vancouver.



It is to Kitimat that the power lines stream from the giant Keeyan under-taking—50 miles over the mountains, often a mile up and a mile down.

It is the other half of the \$210 million power-frying-pan project.

This aluminium plant alone is a tremendous industrial development, a free-enterprise development with two miles of buildings, 1,000 feet wide, near readiness to spew out the metal of 4,000 tons.

But factories need people and people need homes. Fine homes,

for you cannot dump 50,000 men, women, and children in this inhospitable country without care and thought. The nearest labour exchange is 450 miles away.

Thus Kitimat became the town-planners' dream of heaven—to build a big town from scratch. Scratch it was, for square miles of forest had first to be removed.

They spent £70,000 on plans and planners alone. Now the dry plan is injected with life, with the first 500 houses of this dream town going up fast.

Round the town rings a 50-mile-an-hour by-pass road, with a civic centre planned as the hub of a wheel. Its spokes will be the nine boroughs of Kitimat. But this will be no company town. It will be the people's town. Already the skeleton population has elected its reeve, or mayor—William ("Bill") Sparks, engineer building the town.

**Permanent Home**

This month the first permanent home of the town that is not yet on the maps will be occupied by an aluminium worker. He will buy his house on mortgage, aided by benevolent financing from banks and the Aluminium Company of Canada.

These are super—workers' houses, costing \$3,500. The down payment will be \$246, with repayments of \$210 a month. By Canadian standards that is a bargain-basement buy.

Wood is the traditional building material, but this will be no shanty town. The houses are attractively designed, ranch-type bungalows.

Each one has three bedrooms, with fitted wardrobes, and a large lounge, with a kitchen that looks like a show house of what could be in Britain. Oil burning central heating is built in, with gas as a backup. It is a woman's dream house.

The town planners have forgotten nothing, certainly not the

weather with snow frequently feet deep in winter. Each house is connected to the town's shopping centre by a covered way. Tunnels are sunk under the high-speed highway so that the children run no risks on the way to school.

Yes, the town will have everything—fine shops, cinemas, hospitals, schools, even parks and playing fields. Already there are touches of the civilisation still to come; the odd flashy Buick and Ford roar up the new, broad highway.

**Cheap Power Lure**

Before even the first house was started the planners had established a landscape nursery, planted with tender trees and shrubs to beautify and mellow the rawness of the new town.

Kitimat will not be a one-industry town. The lure of cheap power has already brought two other plants to the factory area. On the outside an enterprising hotelier has gone quick with a super modern motel, where you drive up and stay the night.

The first store is up—as yet a temporary building—through the pioneering spirit of the Hudson's Bay Company.

There the 2,000 construction workers and their families, with 200 wives and 100 girls, do the week's shopping—from radio sets to needles and thumbtacks. And the girl behind the cigarette stand is certainly chosen for looks as much as business acumen.

Nevertheless Kitimat is still a construction camp where men gamble his pay packet away. It is not uncommon for a man to lose or win \$200 in a night's gambling at black jack, a form of pontoon.

Kamano... Kitimat... barely names to folk outside Canada. But what imagination, what courage, what endurance men have to attack such a majestic project.

**golden state**

**EVAPORATED MILK**

★ Golden State Evaporated Milk is concentrated, homogenized and heat sterilized in its sealed container—all the goodness and nourishment securely guarded.

Its fresher flavour is due to the special process of manufacture and which makes it extra delicious on cereals, in coffee or tea and for cooking.

It is twice as rich as ordinary milk and is recommended by physicians for infant feeding.

*The finest, freshest flavour you've ever tasted*

Sole Agents: JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO., LTD.

**The Parker "51" Pen "learns" the way you write!**

There's a special reason why the Parker "51" Pen feels so right in your hand.

This pen can actually "learn" your handwriting—the way you slant your letters, the pressure you use, and whether you write with your left or right hand.

The secret lies in a tiny pellet of all-precious-metal Plathenum on the tip. It "wears in" to your kind of writing, polishes itself to supreme smoothness and stays that way. The result is an effortless, soundless movement across paper because this pen is writing your way. For personal use or gifts, choose Parker "51"—only pen with the Plathenum point. Choice of points.

For best results in this and all pens... use Parker Quink with safety.

Patented: ROLLED GOLD CAP PEN HK362 / Set: HK3102

Sole Agents: SHIRIO (CHINA) LIMITED, Raffles Building, Daddell Street

PEN REPAIR SERVICE at 1, NORTH ARCADE, ALEXANDRA HOUSE



THE NEW POWERS' surging up in Germany prompt an investigation by a man who knows the Germans well... and raise a disturbing question

# How dead is Hitler?

SEFTON DELMER

**A** RAD GODESBERG, GENERAL was the first to make the request. "Please don't mention my name," he said to me. "If you do I shall be on the boycott list."

"Industrial firms will refuse to have anything to do with me if my views become known. Government agencies will give me no orders. My business will be ruined."

That does not sound very courageous. I agree—particularly from a holder of the Knight's Cross and one of the most distinguished younger officers of Hitler's General Staff.

But it is a sentiment that I have had to hear with amazing frequency from Germans.

## Portents

THEY are afraid of the new clandestine discipline that the German militarist machine is once more beginning to impose, even before its revival has been officially authorised by the Allies.

Yes, here I am, barely nine years after Hitler's suicide and militarist Germany's catastrophic collapse. And I am finding many of the same disturbing symptoms and portents I had to report before Hitler took power.

Under the mantle of innocent Chancellor Adenauer, many of the same tendencies appear to be developing which, in the pre-war days of the equally innocent Foreign Minister Stresemann and, later, Chancellor Brüning, foreshadowed the coming of Hitler.

Look at the patriotic hue and cry now launched to throw out the "traitors and collaborators" from the Civil Service, from the newspapers and news agencies and radio.

Who are these traitors and collaborators? Opportunists who fawned on Hitler in the days of his power and helped him to reduce Germany and half Europe to ruins? No.

On the contrary. They are the anti-Nazis. First and foremost among them are the emigres—Germans who had escaped abroad before or during the war.

## Pretexts

THESE men joined in the fight against Hitler during the war and won the confidence of the Allies. When VE Day came we brought them back to Germany and installed them as key men in the new democratic machine that was being built up.

Our intention was that they should be a guarantee against the revival of Hitlerism and militarism. Now all kinds of pretexts are being put forward for their



has returned, nine years after the war, on a special mission to a reviving Germany. Nine years after The Other War—in 1927—he was in Berlin too. THEN, he reported the symptoms before Hitler took power. TODAY, he assesses the parallel portents.

removal. Anything goes, from inefficiency to alleged membership of the Communist underground.\*

Also due for removal in this new purge are men with a genuine record of anti-Nazi resistance during the July 20 bomb conspiracy of 1944—and men who gave unfavourable evidence against German war criminals at their trials.

Former German officials dismissed or imprisoned by Hitler for anti-Nazi activities are by law entitled to rehabilitation, compensation, and reinstatement.

But every possible trick of official red tape is being used to delay indefinitely the decision on as many such claims for reinstatement as possible.

## Dossier

I have part of the confidential dossier concerning a former Prussian police officer who was imprisoned by Hitler, and then after his release, went abroad as an instructor for the Chinese Army.

"By helping the Chinese to fight the Japanese," says the confidential report of a German

back enormous clandestine power to the same militarists and industrialists' clan that was behind the disastrous wars of aggression of Bismarck, the Kaiser, and Hitler.

**2 THESE MEN**, despite their smooth protestations of "Europeanism" and devotion to the Western ideals of democracy, are out for themselves and their clique only.

They mean to oust from their position of importance every one whom they suspect might not be implicitly obedient to their orders.

**3 THEY REGRET** nothing of the past but their defeat and the mistakes in strategy and leadership which caused it.

There can be no more sensational mark of the power of the rising militarists than the open defiance of the Potsdam Pact which the Allies signed in 1945, by the public appearance of ex-Servicemen's associations in Western Germany.

These ex-soldier associations were rightly forbidden by the Allies under this pact because of the immense share the associations had in the rise of Hitler and the growth of militarism.

And here they are again flagrantly in power. They meet in vast public assemblies, are

re-markably like a revamping of the old Nazi Stormtroops, even to the jackboots, breeches, and shirts its members wear at political rallies.

As their president they have Field-Marshal Kesselring, pardoned war criminal, who publicly proclaims that he still preserves his full loyalty to Hitler and Goering.

Kesselring is now at work trying to have "war sport training" organized for the younger and more militant age groups among his Steelhelmets.

Ostensible reason, of course, for permitting the reappearance of these ex-Servicemen's associations is the help that they can give in recruiting and collecting members for the new German armed forces at such time as they are to be set up.

As significant almost as these new military and ex-soldiers' associations is the flood of military newspapers and periodicals which has burst over Western Germany.

These newspapers and periodicals, even more than in the time of Hitler, are many of them subsidised

and guided by the new Adenauer "War Ministry" of Herr Theodor Blank.

Many of their propaganda lines are reminiscent of Goebbels. "In Stalingrad our troops defended not only Germany but Europe," they preach. The restoration of the great Germany of the Hitler era is demanded by them.

They claim that Germany is entitled to the leadership of Europe, and promise that she will obtain it with her armies.

## Nazi Views

**B**UT then, what is surprising in such language from newspapers when the Cabinet itself contains men like Communists Minister Herr Seebom, recently in London? He has publicly proclaimed such Nazi militarist views as—

1. "The German East... not only includes the Elbe and the Oder, but also Bohemia and all territories in which Germans once were settled."

2. "In 1945 only the German Army, but not the German people, capitulated."

NOW, you are most likely asking what it was that German general told me.

HE gave me details about the secret organisation which is the main fundamental of this German military revival.

OF THAT, and its clandestine masters, I will tell you in my article on Monday.

(London Express Service)

## WHAT MAKES THIS PICTURE—

# IRRESISTIBLE?

THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN reports:

The same secret decides how you feel about these



**W**HY does it make you feel good to look at a baby? Why does a picture like the one on the right irresistibly tug at your heartstrings?

It's not just sentiment—not the baby's age or its helplessness.

A team of scientists now suggests that this warm, human response is nothing more than an instinctive reaction to a combination of three things: (1) Chubby cheeks; (2) A snub nose; (3) An abruptly rising forehead.

When that particular pattern of facial features strikes the eye it acts as a "releaser," automatically triggering off that "how cuddlesome!" feeling.

## The Scientists' Case

Cynical? Over-simplified? Maybe... but the scientists led by Austria's Dr Konrad Lorenz put forward a lot of evidence in favour of their theory.

**ANIMALS** with a similar pattern of features release the same sort of protective feeling from human beings.

The snub-nose and puffed-out cheeks of the Pekinese make thousands of women want to cuddle it. They may admire the long, aristocratic muzzle of the Borzoi, but few want to hug it.

We all warm towards a robin, or to any other perky bird with a little beak. But nobody feels such affection for a long-nosed bird like a crow or starling.

Take rabbits. Why is there such a fuss because a plague threatens to wipe out Britain's wild rabbits? It would save the country millions of pounds. But because baby "bunnies" have the same sort of appeal as a human baby, an expensive effort is made to save them.

## A robin sees red...

**SIMILAR** "releasers" of automatic behaviour are well known in the animal world. The sight of the red breast of a robin or even a handful of red feathers will make another robin attack on sight. The hunched silhouette of any hawk immediately makes ground birds cower.

**TOY** manufacturers have found that the way to sell a doll is to enlarge all baby features.

**THE SUCCESS** of Walt Disney cartoons like "Bambi" or "Dumbo" is largely due to Disney's genius for exaggerating the babyish look of animals.

Now, a point of support for Lorenz from my own experience—I have noticed that few baby-faced men stay bachelors.

Maybe the man with the up-curving forehead, the snub nose, and rounded features arouses the maternal instincts of women more than most of us.

I must admit, though, that my lengthy nose, canted forehead, and thin features have afforded no protection from matrimony.

## One man-power

**PEOPLE** who do their hiking in big hobnailed boots make their pleasure needlessly tiring. An extra pound of weight on your feet fatigues you more than 10lb. on your back. German Professor Erich Muller has found.

The professor, who studies how the human body can be made to work more efficiently, has been lecturing to British scientists and doctors. Sample quotes—

**THE strongest human**—body cannot work at much more than one-tenth of one horse power... **WHEN** the average man is using a spade in the garden his body is working with an efficiency of only six percent.

**WHEN** a bricklayer's labourer climbs a ladder his body is working at an efficiency of about 19 percent.

## Not 'special'

**MORE** than 1,500,000 Britons have peptic ulcer—the joint name for duodenal and stomach ulcers—or have had one, according to Dr E. Avery Jones, of Middlesex Hospital, London, W.

It is three times commoner in men than in women. Professional people are not more prone to duodenals, as is commonly believed, he finds.

Surveys have produced no convincing evidence that the patient with a peptic ulcer tends to be over-ambitious, over-conscientious, or over-sensitive.

## Out in space

**A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY** put his head inside a plastic space helmet, believing he was going on a magic journey to the moon. When he woke up he found that a surgeon had taken out his tonsils.

The helmet, which is linked with a cylinder of anaesthetic gas, is a new American gadget for getting children into the operating theatre without fear.

**The sort of scene nobody can resist.** What is the power of such a picture—the power of ANY young child—to make the world seem a better place? Today the scientists give a provocative answer.

**So tiresome** gas, is a new American gadget for getting children into the operating theatre without fear.

**QUOTE FROM MY FAVOURITE G.P.** "By the time you are rich enough to sleep late you are so old you always wake up early."



## JOHNNY HAZARD



## By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Why Smart Girls Turn Out To Be Dowdy Wives

WHY do so many smart girls become dowdy and dull after they are married?

The drab wife is the one with too little money.

It's natural for a woman to like looking her best. There are few things she enjoys better than a shopping expedition for a spring hat, or the tonic of a new hairdo or lipstick.

But not everyone will admit that. Here, for instance, is the Rev. C. W. H. Lemon, vicar of St. Thomas's, York, with a different view.

"Girls before marriage are smart," he writes in his church magazine, "but sometimes, having got their men, they get slack." He then explains: "Men don't say an awful lot, but I suspect that many account for their going off with their men friends a little too often."

You are wrong, Mr. Lemon. The wives are not slack; they are hard-up. And if half the money spent by husbands with their men friends was put on feminine backs, instead of down masculine throats, wives would look attractive enough to keep the old man at home.

## ALLOWANCE

Too few husbands give their wives a fixed dress allowance, however small.

And all too often the lavish spender of the honeymoon rapidly becomes the close-fisted husband.

I know that many family budgets are strained these days. Even so, I still say it is essential for a woman to have her own regular allowance for pocket-money and clothes even if it is only a few shillings.

AND THIS SHOULD NOT BE ANYTHING THAT SHE CAN SAVE ON THE HOUSE-KEEPING MONEY, which is a lowering of human dignity. Besides, with most household budgets already overstrained, there would be a constant feeling of guilt in robbing it.

A pathetic letter is lying on my desk. The writer is the wife of a man who is fairly comfortably off. He has a good car, smokes a lot, and drinks with his friends most evenings.

## THE CONSEQUENCE

She writes: "This is the cause of the majority of divorce cases. The poor wife is not allowed enough money to dress herself in order to keep up her pre-marriage attractive appearance. She becomes shabby and depressed, and consequently not a very pleasant person to live with. So the husband looks for a more attractive female for sympathy and companionship."

This one disillusioned woman echoes the heartaches of many. But she has young children, so cannot go out to work herself. "A labourer is worthy of his hire," we read in the Bible.

And few housewives have the chance to slack today. A recent American survey reports that the average woman cooks 1,095 meals a year, spends 650 hours cleaning, 312 hours on laundry and 26 hours mending. She fully earns the right to a small regular income of her own.

And she should have a say in deciding what is fair after rent and household expenses are deducted.

— Eileen Ascroft

★ The story of a revolution that affects every woman's wardrobe ★

## A New Set-up In The 'Unhappy Business'

IT took a fortune, a war, and 15 years to change one question... the question a woman asks another when she sees her in a dress she likes. Fifteen years ago a woman used to ask: "Where did you get it?" Today she asks: "Which make is it?"

The story that bridges the gap between is the unrecorded history of a revolution in the dress business—a revolution that threw up a new boss, a new ruling class, new slogans, a new set-up; and left its trail of victims by the wayside.

Before it happened a dress manufacturer was a little man with six dresses over his arm... The label he stitched into the coat he had made was ripped out by the shops... The clothes he made had to be what the shops told him to make.

## His label

Today a dress manufacturer is a plushy individual sitting comfortably in a new Rolls.

HE decides what he will offer the stores.

HIS label in the coat is what women pay for.

HE is the new boss—and the business he is in has rocketed to a turnover of more than £500 million a year.

How did it happen?

Once upon a time—remember?—clothes were scarce and rationed. The stores were frantic for more to sell.

And the manufacturers, promising to do their best, saw their chance to move up from modest little tailors to big business tycoons.

The dress manufacturers began to build up their names... on poster sites, in glossy magazines, in newspapers, in "Look your best in Windswept".... "It's a dream, it's Harelda".... "It's a Susan Small world".... "Dereta—the label of distinction."

## Bigger smaller

The name of the firm which made the dress got bigger and bigger, while the name of the store where you could buy it drifted further and further into the background.

It was a shrewd move—and how it paid off! Today there are only three top fashion stores in London which can still afford to rip out the manufacturer's name and put in their own... Today the British dress trade is the second largest in the world.

In 1938 women spent £240 million on clothes. By 1952 the figure was £593 million (although the price of clothes has not increased all that much).

And the new bosses rose on the spending tide. (Asked why he had just bought a new Rolls one of them explained: "You feel such a fool without one.")

The new set-up was hated by some of the old top-liners. Lelong, Molyneux, and Chanel—the people who belonged to the old tradition of Paris; who made their names

with the kind of dress that was a success just because it could not be mass-produced and would never date.

Recently it was Schiaparelli who announced that she was quitting. The woman at whose salon everyone who was anyone used to buy their clothes is making no more fabulous creations.

"It has all become such a bore," she said at a weekend. "It is no fun any more, and it is far too expensive. All this business of sitting down twice a year to be 'inspired' is a lot of rot. What does it all mean, really, the Tulp Line, the 'Sessor Line, and all the other 'lines'?"

"I shall create just a few new dresses for my private clients at a price they can afford. But the big money doesn't all lie with private clients any more. Half of it comes from the dress manufacturers."

What they want is a silhouette that can be copied at any price level, and trick ideas that can be mass-produced. And, above all, a fresh silhouette every 12 months... sufficiently different from the one before to make a woman want to throw away the clothes she has and try something that looks new.

"We're in the Unhappiness Business," they say in the new play about the dress business. "We want to make a woman feel unhappy every time she opens her wardrobe."

## The new boss

No one knows the Unhappiness Business better than the man who has made women feel dissatisfied with their wardrobes seven times in seven years—Christian Dior (as Robb's drawings show).

He is hauling in the money on a scale unprecedented even in Paris, because he is the only



This is the kind of dress that is worth a fortune in the Unhappiness Business—the dress trade—today.

In cornflower blue silk and white muslin, it has been copied in London and New York.

And that sailor-collar trick, reported all over the world when it first appeared, is ripe for mass-production.

## Robb

CHARTS HOW SEVEN TIMES IN SEVEN YEARS THEY MADE HER CHANGE HER LINE



## The Royal Milliner Adds A South Sea Tang To His Latest Creations

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London.

WITH the Queen absent in Australia two milliners, who fashion hats for royalty, turned their thoughts to styles for other customers.

One of the milliners was Kate Day, who soon celebrates her third anniversary as designer for the Queen.

Kate Day goes in for small hats, either bonnets or boaters, and hangs them

with lemons, plums, blackberries and fruit blossoms. Usually there's just one fruit to each hat, but for a special Easter bonnet she breaks the rule and masses the fruits and flowers together.

She shows one big picture hat, of the style which flourished at pre-war Ascots. It is still called an "Ascot" hat, but is rarely seen there these days.

This is Kate Day's favourite style, but she does not expect to sell many today. There's no room for them in the low modern sports cars, and she finds that women prefer small hats they can wear in all weathers.

Last year's "umbrella" Ascot thoroughly dampened women's enthusiasm for picture hats, and this lone model in Kate Day's collection is a souvenir of the past rather than a portent of the future.

## NEW STRAWS

The second royal milliner to show his collection was Aage Thaarup, the Dane who has made hats for the Queen for many years and for the Queen Mother since the early 1930's.

At the moment he is on a trip to Australia and New Zealand and has obviously sent back first-hand information to his London staff. His new hats have a South Seas tang.

To conjure up the colours of Tonga, he shows a straw hat with a shaggy crest, brim of luscious pink, and a purple straw hat with a grass-green shaggy crest.

Another new model was shaped like an Australian bush hat in miniature, made in yellow organza and trimmed—have you guessed?—with wattle.

All styles are small and perch on the head. To distinguish them from small hats of previous seasons, they are worn at a provocative tilt over the eye. And the new straws make last year's seem out of date. There are straws with a satin gleam, metallic straws and straws woven to look like checked worsted.

## BEAUTY AND HEALTH

Home truths presented to us by two health experts and a psychologist during a health-and-beauty conference:

1. Cosmetics applied externally only help skin troubles if the internal condition is good. If you want to look your best, it comes back to the old truism: all the cosmetics in the world won't aid if your diet is bad.

2. Grapes—always given to royalty—are in fact the fruit with the lowest vitamin content. Best, in order of merit, are blackcurrant, strawberries, tomatoes, oranges, apricots, bananas and citrus fruits.

3. We mustn't be snooty about margarine. It would be a great mistake if people gave up eating it when butter is plentiful, because margarine is rich in vitamins.

4. Pressure cooking is by far the best way to preserve the vitamins in food. Experts have proved that as the cooking time is increased, the nutritional value of the food is decreased.

5. If we want to acquire a healthy, balanced complexion, we must eat meat, fish, eggs, and vegetables in the right proportions and not let our diet be dominated by one type of food (like the potatoes in the diet).

designer who manages to keep on his side both sets of powerful clients—the rich, private clients who buy his dresses to wear and the rich manufacturers who buy them to mass-produce.

To manufacturers Dior gives quick-changing lines; to the others, the best cutting in Paris.

## Prestige for sale

"One-third of the dresses I make are sold to private clients in Paris," Dior said, "one-third are for private clients in the rest of the world; and one-third are for dress manufacturers."

His distinguished clients give him enormous prestige—and he sells the prestige (as well as his designs) to the dress manufacturers—for a price (£120 for a cotton pattern of a suit, or £200 for a simple evening dress, or £400 for an elaborate one).

But when the manufacturers have copied it at mass-production level, it gives them the right to say: "This is a copy of Dior."

And my, how the prestige of those magic words will sell an Englishwoman anything from a better to a bottle of perfume. At twice the price she would be willing to pay for it without the name—even though she knows it has been manufactured in England.

How well Mr. Dior knows it. For the little man is selling into the wholesale game now—with the best label in the world....

—London Express Service.

## HOLLYWOOD STARS' PET HAIR SHADES

IT used to be a deep, dark secret when a woman dyed her hair, but nowadays many of the Hollywood beauties dye for their art, their looks or, just to get a lift.

And they let their fans know about the change.

Jane Powell is one actress who is proud of her artificially-coloured tresses, and says every other woman should be happy and honest about dyed hair. "Everybody's doing it," said Jane. "The only thing you can do wrong is to over bleach. I watch my hair carefully to be sure it is in tip-top condition,

and I never let it get dry and crackly."

Jane switched from champagne gold to red-blond for her latest film but expected to return to the champagne colour for her trip to Brazil.

Here are some other of her beauty secrets. She uses mascara on her lashes, a touch of pencil on her brows and lipstick for daytime wear. She takes good care of her hands, creaming them often with hand lotion. For evening she goes all out for glamour, using powder, a deep tone of lipstick and "lots and lots of perfume."

Jane firmly believes good grooming is the basis for all beauty. Many other stars openly dye their hair. Marilyn Monroe was a "diamond blonde" for a recent

role and a yellow or "champagne blonde" for her latest movie.

Janet Leigh turned "golden blonde" for a movie and her husband, Tony Curtis, liked the shade so well she kept it. "I have to have it retouched every 10 days, but it's worth it," she said.

Jeanne Crain thinks her career took an upswing after she cut her hair short and dyed it "sophisticated red." Her studio advisers "made her personality more vivid."

United Press.

It's always Summer when you see

## Sun-n'-Fun

COTTONS

SIZES 7—22 AND PRICED TO SELL ON SIGHT

at the

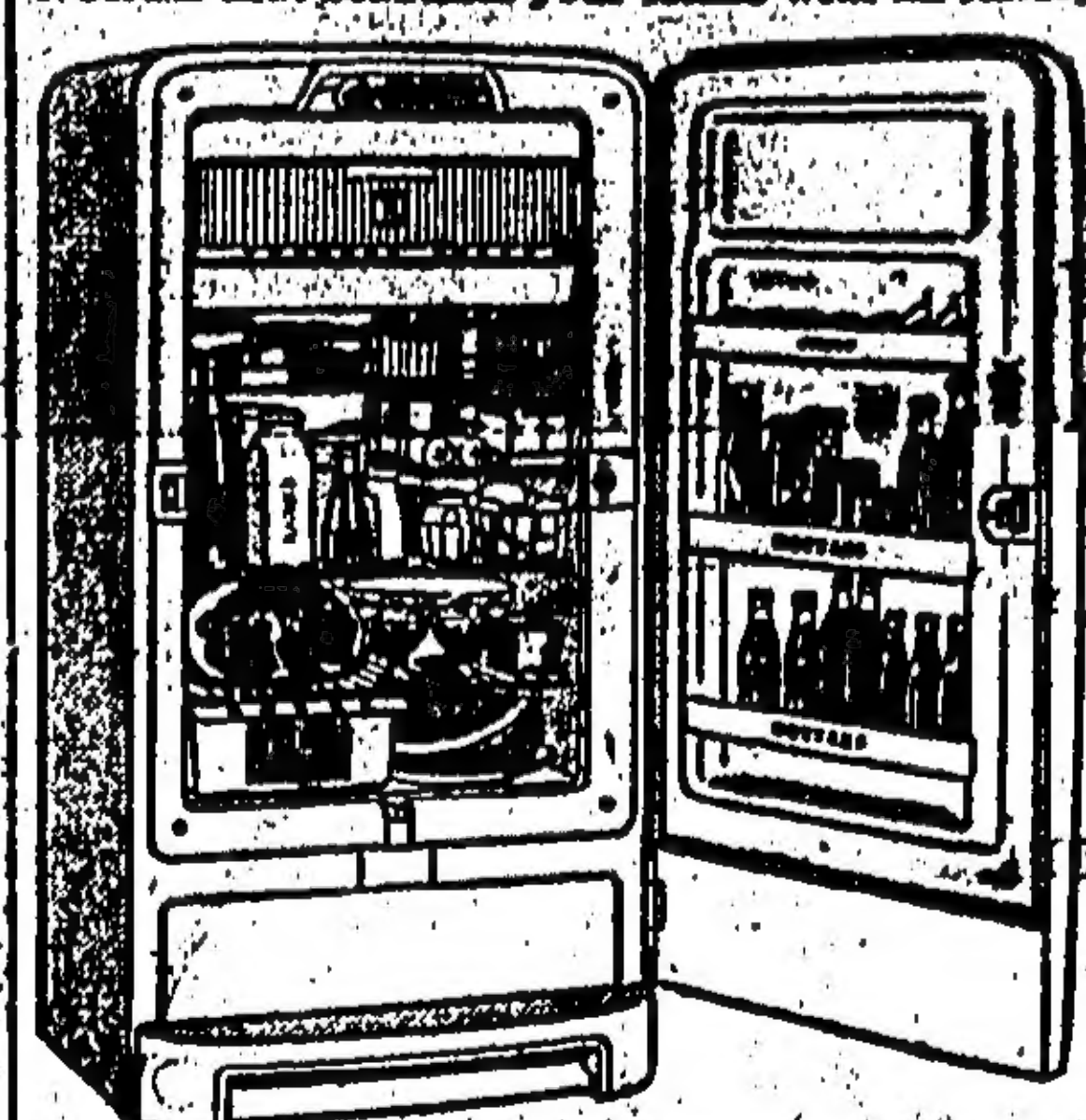
## LINEN CHEST LTD

3 CHATER ROAD, CORNER ICE HOUSE ST. TEL. 21050



## Refrigerator NORGE Deluxe

For Modern Compact Styling, Dependability and Value, choose NORGE that beautifies your home with all luxury features in ONE!



Model as illustrated 7.7 cu. ft. capacity

\$1,850.00

Sole Agents: JONES & CO., LTD. Hongkong Bank Building Tel. 27217

## SUI LAN BEAUTY PARLOUR

A good hair cut doesn't necessarily mean cutting it short but does mean to shape it. If your hair is already curly, what will suit you best is a "SPECIAL RAZOR CUT". But if you wish to have natural waves, try the world famous

"Helene Curle Cold Waves" operated by expert hairdresser

MRS. SUI LAN Reduced price for Special Cold Waves—45s. 529, Nathan Road, 2nd Floor For Appointment Phone 50548.

THE PURE, REFINED COOKING FAT

TREX

REPLACES BUTTER, MARGARINE AND LARD





THE King George V Memorial Park in Jordan Road, Kowloon, which became derelict during the Japanese occupation, was reopened the other day after extensive reconstruction work. Picture shows the Hon. K. M. A. Barnett, Urban Council Chairman, speaking at the reopening. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hongkong Regiment had the honour to mount guard at Government House last week-end. It was the first time that any Volunteer unit had done so. The guard comprised Sgt Leung Chung-ye, L/Cpl Liu Kin-ming, Pres W. L. Stone, Yip Chi-wan and H. S. Lapsley and Drummer Chan Yu-yen. They are seen marching up Garden Road to Government House. (Staff Photographer)



DR Tudor Thomas, President of the British Medical Association, seen at the dinner party given in his honour by the Hongkong Chinese Medical Association. With Dr Thomas are Dr C. W. Lam and Dr Raymond Mok. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Arthur Woo presenting trophies at the conclusion of the annual Girl Guide competition rally at King's Park last Saturday. The 6th Kowloon (Maryknoll) Company won the shield. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr David Auyeung and Miss Malsie Law, who were married at St Joseph's Church last Saturday, photographed with their friends after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colleans ladies' softball team, this season's League champions, celebrated their victory at a dinner at the China Restaurant on Tuesday evening. Seated fourth from left is the team manager, Mr Fred Ewins. (Willie's)



AT THE annual dinner of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association. On the right is Mr. Cheung U-pui, who succeeds Mr. Wong Ka-tsun (centre) as President. With them is the Hon. Kwok Chan. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr U Sze-wing presenting billiards and snooker prizes at the annual meeting of the Sports Club. Mr E. A. V. Remedios is receiving a prize on behalf of Mr George Haroon, snooker runner-up. (Staff Photographer)



DANCING in progress at the Hongkong Reel Club's end of season gathering at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Staff Photographer)

Monday —

*New*

Hats . . . .  
Glove and Cravat  
sets by Eric Hassan

exclusively at

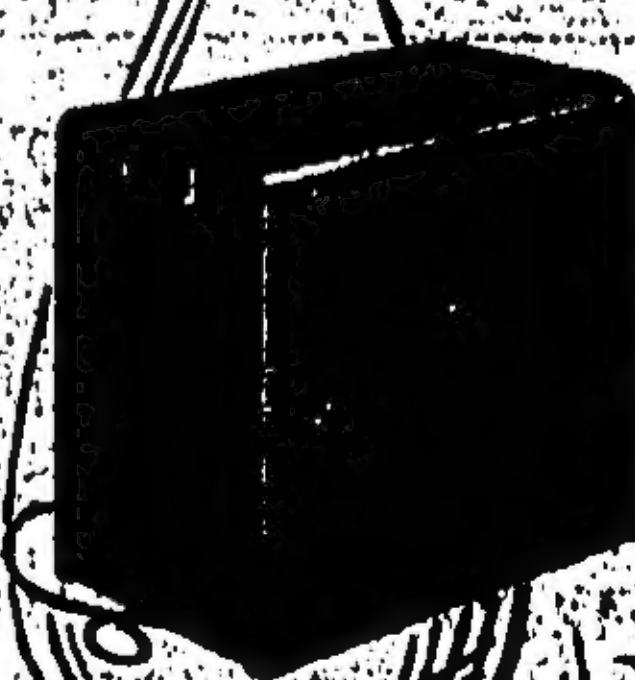
**Paquerette**  
Gloucester Bldg., 16A Des Voeux Rd.



HONGKONG Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club teams which took part in the annual two-day Hancock Shield match. The result was a draw, but HCC was awarded the Shield on their first innings total. (Golden Studio)

**OASIS Air Drier**  
stops moisture damage

- Removes moisture by electrical refrigeration
- Takes up to 3 gallons of water a day from humid air
- Costs only a few cents a day to operate
- Small in size, only 12 1/4" wide, 16 1/4" high, 18" long

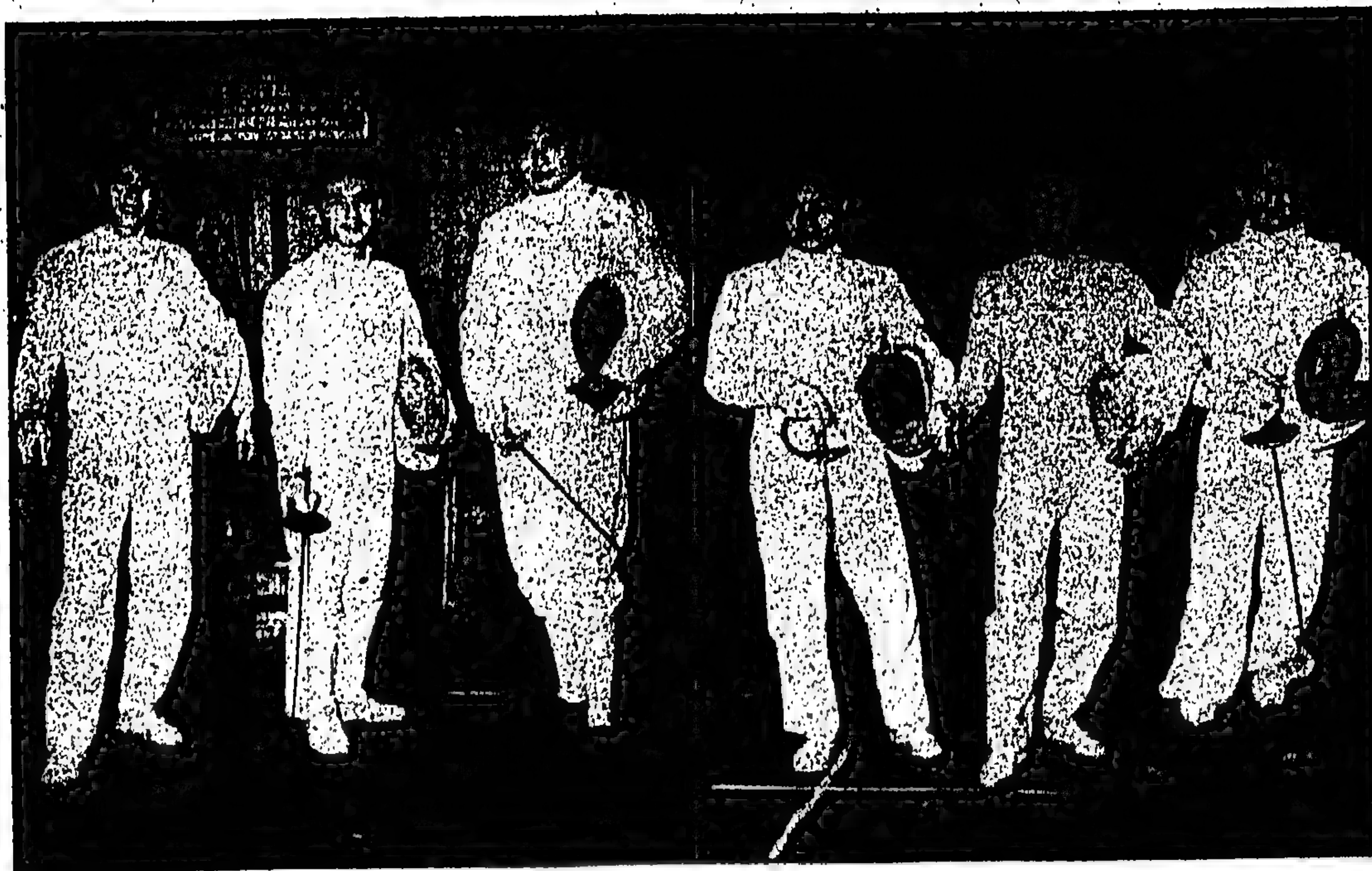


**OASIS Air Drier**  
the finest in the world

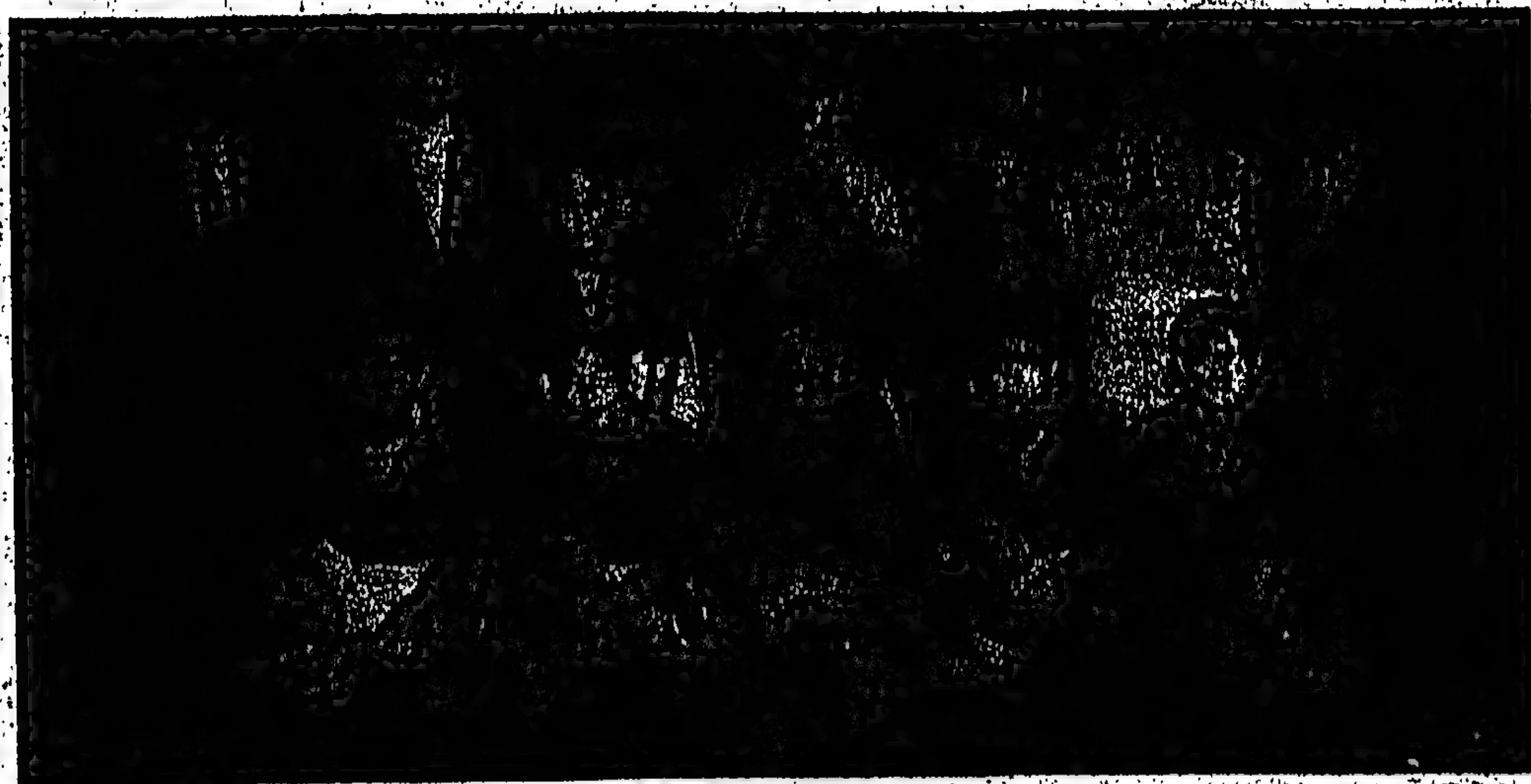
from  
**GILMAN'S**

Gloucester Arcade, Tel. 33461 238 Nathan Rd., Tel. 27572





SUCCESSFUL contestants in the Colony junior fencing championships. Picture on the left shows the Foil winners. From right: George Wu (1), A. Lam (2) and Hung Hak-to (3). Picture on right shows the Sabre winners. From right: Sgt B. Day (1), Hung Hak-to (2) and Frankie Fung (3). George Wu won the Epee. Wu and Hung were together named Junior Champions-at-Arms. (Staff Photographer)

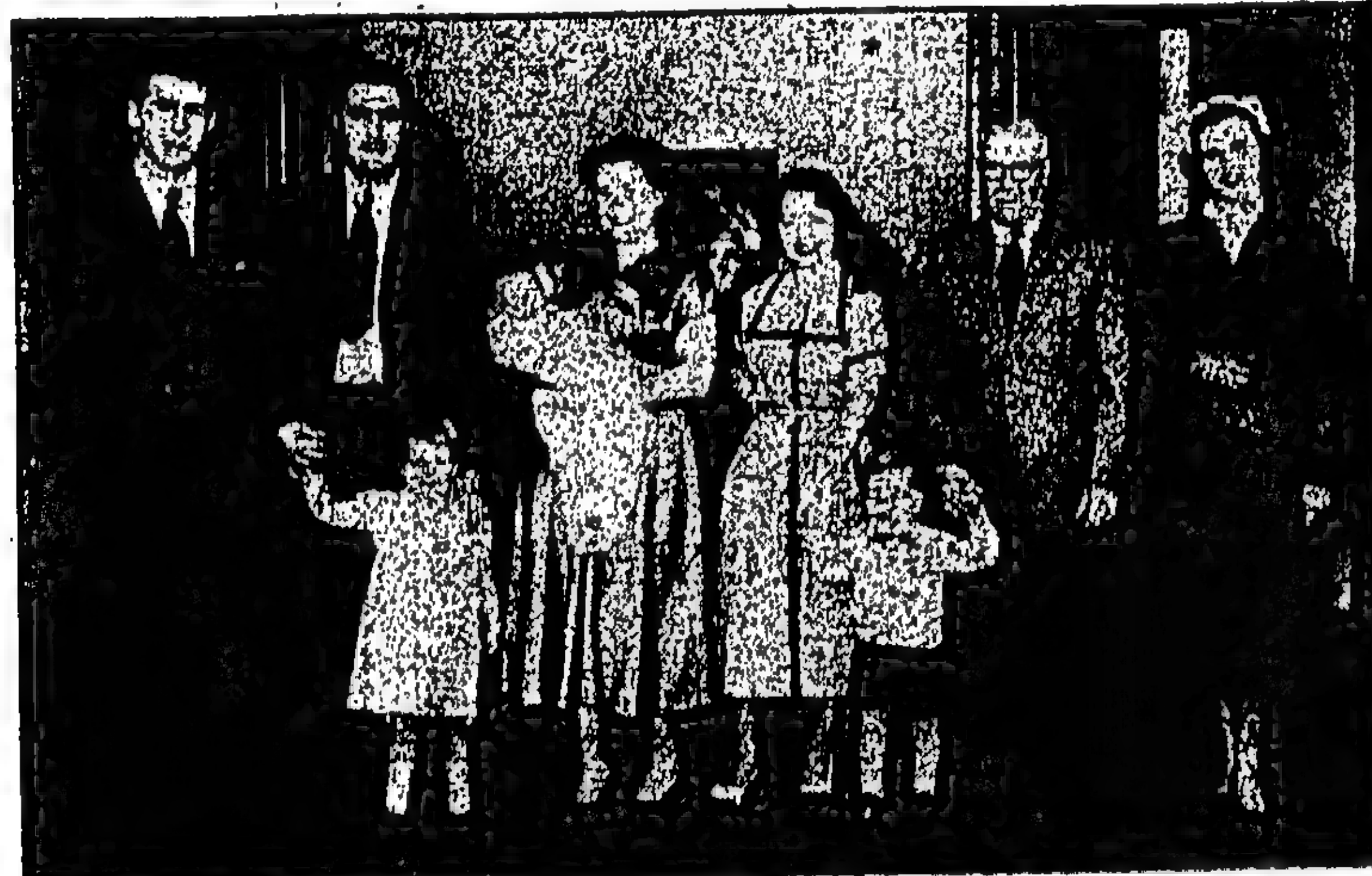


WINNERS of the Governor's Cup last Sunday: the Chinese Amateur Athletic Federation footballers, together with team officials. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual fair of St Teresa's Church last Sunday. Little Dennis da Motta has good fortune at the lucky dip, as his mother, Mrs J. A. da Motta, looks on. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the dinner given by the Chinese Manufacturers' Union on Thursday to the Hon. R. B. Black, Colonial Secretary, and the Hon. A. G. Clarke, Financial Secretary. From left: Mr U. Tat-chee, Mr Black, Mr Hui Ngok, Mr Clarke and Mr C. L. Hsu. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Sherry Linda, second daughter of Mr and Mrs C. L. Salter, at the Union Church last Saturday. (Golden Studio)



MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary (second from right), accompanied by Miss Dorothy Lee, Principal Youth Welfare Officer of the Social Welfare Office, snapped on her visit to the Precious Blood Orphanage at Shamshulpo on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



TRIPLE baptism at the new Chapel of the Maryknoll Convent of Noelle, Cecile and Elizabeth Lou, daughters of Dr T. J. Lou. Mr and Mrs G. Volckaert were the godparents.

IT'S NO DREAM, LADY

**THE Westinghouse FROST-FREE REFRIGERATOR DEFROSTS AUTOMATICALLY**

A truly fine refrigerator... and so completely automatic you just use it and enjoy it. The ideal model for the budget-minded who want Frost-free refrigeration and require bonus storage space. Sets you free of all defrosting work and mess.

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse

SOLE AGENTS: **DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.**  
ALEXANDRA ROAD, HONG KONG



MR Seaward Wai, new Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, leads the other new Directors at the installation ceremony on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

**OXFORD MAT SHIRTS.**

A really cosy cloth which launders well, always looks 'dressy' and is most durable.

Soft collars with semi-rigid backing. Pocket; single cuffs.

Trubenised collars with double cuffs.

Ready to wear or to measure in blue, two-fawns and grey.

**MACKINTOSH'S**  
ALEXANDRA ARCADE  
DES VOEUX ROAD









THE OUTLOOK FOR SIGNS AND OMENS

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

There may not be slaughter and violent death, but ---

# A CIVIL WAR RAGES IN BRITAIN TODAY

By Beverley Baxter

London. It may not be so recorded in history but at the present time there is a civil war raging in Britain. Fortunately it is not a war of slaughter and violent death, but there are heavy casualties just the same.

The struggle is a three-cornered one in which allies are apt to fire on each other. But even so there is no doubt which is the aggressor or how dire the consequences if it achieves a decisive victory over its opponents.

Let us come to the point. The aggressor is television—the allies are the living theatre and the cinema. And if any one doubts that General Sherman was right when he said that war was hell, let him talk first to the hard-pressed garrisons of the living theatre.

In the current Rodgers and Hammerstein hit on Broadway ("My Darling Clementine") there is a scene which has this as its refrain:

"The theatre is dying  
The theatre is dying  
The theatre is practically dead."

Capacity audiences loudly applaud the number, and if any further encouragement were needed Doctor Hammerstein and Doctor Rodgers can look just across the road where "The King and I" is still drawing the town.

The theatre has been dying for centuries, but its final demise is always postponed by the arrival at the bedside of a Shakespeare, an Irving, a Barrymore, a Shaw or a Gilbert complete with Sullivan.

## IT SURVIVED

WHEN the first flicker pictures appeared, the living theatre shook almost as violently as the characters on the screen. Here was a form of entertainment which could not only understand the theatre but bring outstanding world stars to your neighbourhood. Thus the people in the suburbs would no longer converge on the centre but take their pleasures nearer home.

However, the theatre still had a monopoly of the human voice, whereas the twittering shadows on the screen could make no sound at all. So the theatre survived round one.

Then came the "talkies." I can remember going to the first showing of this miracle in London. Most of the film was still silent, but there was a sequence where Al Jolson not only spoke but sang. "It will hurt the silent film," was the general verdict, "but on the other hand this bastard product, although it will not satisfy the ear, will tell the art of mime on which films are based."

Whereupon the scientists continued to improve matters until the silent film stole away into an obscurity from which it would never emerge again and the talkies were in complete control.

At that point the knees of the theatrical magnates knocked so hard together that they sounded like coconuts in a gale. Sound had been satisfactorily added to sight in the cinema. What could be done but adapt Horatio's

diving words and say: "Good night sweet theatre, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

However, the theatre did not die, except in the suburbs and the small towns. But let there be no mistake about it, the kingdom of the theatre was shrinking and the process could never be reversed. More and more it centred in the metropolises and left the lesser cities to the picture palaces that showed the same array of stars as New York and London.

When I was a young fellow in Toronto we had five theatres—the Princess, the Toronto Opera House, the Royal Alexandra, Shea's and a burlesque house called, I think, the Star or the Gaiety—or both. At the Princess or the Royal Alexandra I saw Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson and Robert Lorraine, while my brain was fired with the flaming genius of Shakespeare, the stimulus of Shaw and the perfume of Oscar Wilde. But those were the years of darkness before Hollywood had extended its frontiers of culture.

## CHALLENGE

NOW the Royal Alexandra remained alone in its glory save for some brave minor league attempts at neighbourhood repertory theatres. But not even the setting up of a Stratford Theatre in Ontario, to challenge the supremacy of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, can alter the fact that in Canada the theatre has shrunk like a raisin from its pre-cinema days.

However, conquerors bogel conquerors, and the kingdom of the cinema was eventually challenged by television. What price glory now? The film, which had taken so much away from the theatre, was going to be faced with a screen in your own home. No wonder Louis B. Mayer and his fellow magnates muttered "Night or Blucher" but in their hearts they did not believe that either could save them.

I have already written about the struggle in Britain to impose commercial sponsored programmes on TV, and I do not intend to discuss that issue again until we have a chance to study it in action. But already we can see that, contrary to every prognosis, it is the poor old live theatre which is taking it on the chin rather than the cinema.

When I returned from Canada last autumn I arranged with my old friend, Lord Denbrough, to reduce my dramatic criticism to something like a watching brief, because it was so difficult to get away from the House of Commons in the evenings. Instead I would take on the cinema because the new films are shown to critics in the morning.

## COMPROMISE

TO me it was a compromise forced by the duty of my life and, in my heart, I felt it to be a decent to a lower plane. For a long period I had not seen more than half a dozen films a year to the cinema, and there was no doubt in my mind that the live theatre was far superior, be-

cause a dramatist could write for a limited intellectual public at one theatre, whereas the film must sprawl itself over the minds of the ignorant, the young, the morose (as well as the nice people in their millions) and must be aimed at the level of mass intelligence.

That was five months ago. Today I am astonished at the vitality of the cinema. I am amazed at the excellence of the acting, production and writing. Certainly there are poor pictures, which are an insult to human taste, but they are few in number.

One of the first films I had to see as a critic was "Julius Caesar." This, of course, was always the best gangster play ever written, and it is astonishing that it took the picture makers so long to recognise that elemental truth. But how splendidly Hollywood did its job!

Then there was "From Here to Eternity," which many of us felt should never have been made because of the terrible arraignment of the morals and discipline of the American soldier, but how passionately and brilliantly the story was conveyed on the screen!

And since we can never leave out the ladies, I must commend the patience of Hollywood for putting Marilyn Monroe into so many pictures that finally, in "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," she showed that she could act!

## WELL DONE

NOR were the British studios lagging behind. "Milk and Honey" was not as good as "The Cruel Sea," but it had enormous strength. "Gilbert and Sullivan" had a poor script, but the music was well done. The fact is that the British picture no longer bears the place on the screen. We have better actors here than in Hollywood, and we have thrown aside the inferiority complex of the early years of competition.

So we come back to our argument. Against the prophecies of all the doomayers, it is not the cinema that is suffering most from the onslaught of television. I repeat that, unhappily, it is the live theatre which is bleeding alarmingly from its wounds.

The cinema can command the sea, the skies, the town and the desert for its settings to a story. The live theatre can only offer a couple of changes of scene at most, and usually there is no change at all. Therefore, television can approximate the stage of the normal theatre.

What is more, the televisioners in their homes occupy the best seats from which they can see and hear everything, clearly. They do not have to climb to the gallery and gaze at the distant stage or strain their ears for the last two or three words of every sentence. They do not have to pay sixpence or a shilling for a programme which informs them that the part of Miss Smith is played by Miss Snooks, and that the action takes place in the living room of Sir Alfred Blunt-Smith's country house. And there was no doubt in my mind that the live theatre was far superior, be-

cause a dramatist could write for a limited intellectual public at one theatre, whereas the film must sprawl itself over the minds of the ignorant, the young, the morose (as well as the nice people in their millions) and must be aimed at the level of mass intelligence.

That was five months ago. Today I am astonished at the vitality of the cinema. I am amazed at the excellence of the acting, production and writing. Certainly there are poor pictures, which are an insult to human taste, but they are few in number.

One of the first films I had to see as a critic was "Julius Caesar." This, of course, was always the best gangster play ever written, and it is astonishing that it took the picture makers so long to recognise that elemental truth. But how splendidly Hollywood did its job!

Then there was "From Here to Eternity," which many of us felt should never have been made because of the terrible arraignment of the morals and discipline of the American soldier, but how passionately and brilliantly the story was conveyed on the screen!

And since we can never leave out the ladies, I must commend the patience of Hollywood for putting Marilyn Monroe into so many pictures that finally, in "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," she showed that she could act!

## THRILLING

A FEW weeks ago I went to a reception to celebrate the 80th birthday of Somerset Maugham. He had come to London from his home in the South of France because he wanted to spend his birthday in the great town where he worked as a young doctor in the East End and then wrote those witty, mordant, rebellious stories which were the prelude to his wealth and immortality.

These were astonishing days in the London theatre after the 1914 war. Kipling was still alive and Barrie was enjoying a golden sunset in the theatre. Arnold Bennett was faltering brilliantly as a playwright, but there was a fine intelligence even in his failures.

Galsworthy was half succeeding in his attempt to use the theatre as a medium for awakening the sluggish social conscience of the nation. An impudent young rascal called Noel Coward was pestering managements to put on any one of the many plays which he had written. Freddie Lonsdale had struck gold with his comedies

## STOP WORRYING! KEEP FIT THE CAREFREE WAY

By DR. A. CHESBY

IT had been a hard day. I put the car away, savagely, went in and took an indigestion tablet. "It's these blinking beans," I thought. "They worry me." And, as my inward seething ceased, I had the answer to a considerable puzzle.

The puzzle: Why is it that, with all the wonder drugs, hospitals and doctors' surgeries are overflowing with customers?

Answer: WORRY.

It is an important observation.

I thought I would check up on it in the latest medical tome, but it was not listed in the index.

Before the war the universal tonic was a booster, some-

thing to pep the patient up. Today the corresponding requirement is a sedative, to calm folk down.

In such a little while trivial, silly worry has grown into a calamity. It is a hard word, but that is its 1954 rating. Make no mistake. During the last few years worry has become a major industry. It has grown really amazing, for it can magnify little, unimportant symptoms into real illness.

It can cause high blood pressure, coronary thrombosis, neuralgia, with a host of other miseries. Yet it is still only silly worry.

See how it snowballs. An old-fashioned look from your boss and sleep goes haywire for a night or two.

## About Sleep

That, in itself, is nothing. But then you start to worry about not sleeping. Now you have got something to be concerned about, especially when some know-all mentions the word insomnia.

Up goes the sub of phobias—bitch and down goes your personal stock of ginger.

Say you have a touch of indigestion, as I had. That is a local chemical upset and any one of 14 remedies will fix it. But, if you are that sort of goose, you can worry about your middle bits until you have a full blown ulcer.

Then it is not funny. You have worried yourself into a tremulous illness and, if you do not take a hint, there is a surgeon waiting for you. It is worth while to understand how worry works. The brain is the field-marshal commanding your body. It has a system of signals, probably electrical in nature, through which it works.

That is how the body is instantly mobilised for emergencies. That is how natural functions are controlled.

The cure the brain takes of us is quite amazing. If you have a painful pleurisy it immediately organises quick, shallow breathing, to keep the pain down as much as possible.

## Short Circuit

Further information places the trouble on, say, the left. The brain puts an overload on to the right lung, and orders a go-slow for the left side.

That is why a doctor looks carefully at the chest, he is examining to see if both sides move equally. If they do not, he has an immediate clue to your illness.

You get excited and your heart goes off at the gallop. The brain has ordered that, to give you higher compression.

But when the emergency is over, down comes a slow-march order and your heart beat is back to normal. For the brain has an accelerating and retarding mechanism, just like a watch.

Naturally, such machinery is delicate. One thing it cannot abide is a short circuit. And that is how worry works, piping off vital forces, creating a shortage for essential services.

I do not allow worry into my mind. But how is such a habit of mind induced?

At the back of every worry there is a problem. Deliberately refuse to allow my conscious mind to deal with difficulties. The subconscious is then passed over to any subconscious mind, which never rests.

## Big Cheat

It may be a few hours or a few days, but the right answer to my trouble duly arrives in my mind. There is a dividing line in every tiresome situation. You can cross to the other side and worry, or you can sit on the near side and wait for the solution.

We all have troubles, and difficulties minus worry do not harm us. But difficulties plus worry spell illness.

How can we strip worry from trouble? The answer is common to us all. Worry is just a big deal, growing larger with every step taken in retreat.

Outrage it and it shrinks to nothing. Go boldly up to it and stare—it will vanish. Banks and income-tax cheques are great purveyors of worry. Go along and see the high price, himself.

He may have been writing you the cheque, but he is not. He may show you the cheque, but he is not. He may show you the cheque, but he is not.

But once you are in his glossy office you will find that his black coat and striped trousers conceal a human being anxious to help.



**Gordon's Stands Supreme**

Distributors:—

**DODWELL & CO., LTD.**

• Dine in the most delightful atmosphere  
• Dance to the Music of Tony Jubine Quilist  
• For Reservations Dial 53011

**The Gold Room**

Enjoy the most delicious European Cuisine & Chinese Food

Hotel Miramar Restaurant  
104 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON



## THE SECOND TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBITION

will be held at the

**GRANTHAM TRAINING COLLEGE**

KOWLOON

from 3rd to 14th April  
from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily

SEE FOR YOURSELF AND LEARN

H.K. Society for the  
Protection of Children  
(WOMEN'S AUXILIARY)



## ANNUAL JUMBLE SALE

at

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

ST. GEORGE'S HALL

Fenwick Street, Wanchai

(by kind permission)

**TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY**

APRIL 6th &amp; 7th

11 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES UNDER \$10.

Many new and slightly shop-soiled dresses.

Refreshments - Hot Drinks - Pottery Room  
Ladies - bring a tape-measure - by request

Newell Rogers Reporting America

## THE PRINCESS AND THE CHEROOTS

New York.

A REPORT that Princess Margaret sometimes smokes cheroots was hastily suppressed in the Congressional Record (Washington's Hansard), possibly on the ground that it could damage Anglo-American relations.

Not that the report contained as much as a wisp of disapproval—quite the contrary.

And since the news came out at a public hearing of a Senate taxation inquiry, here it is: "Cigarettes, Cops, Canned was waiting for the industry

faces ruin unless taxes on cigars are lowered.

Senator Eugene Millikin: I read in a paper that Princess Margaret is smoking cheroots. Will that start a trend?

Carlson: I haven't seen the article.

The Senator: Oh, you should. This might affect your whole industry. The Princess, as I understand it, smokes mild little cigars. You might put out a nice Havard cigar which she could handle daintily.

Senator Wallace Bennett: Yes, establish a whole new industry with a fine, fragrant blend. Carlson: Will she, may be? The Senator: Yes, perhaps.





No Need to install an aerial! The Siera SA 2052A gives splendid performance on the incorporated Ferro-Ferrite rod aerial ensuring quiet reception. Surprising sound volumes: the acoustic output is more than twice that of ordinary sets in this class. New Noval tubes have been applied. One of these is the oscillator-mixer which provides better S.W. reception. The beautifully styled cabinet has an attractive make-up in gold.



Sole distributors:  
**WAH MEI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.**  
133 Des Voeux Rd., C-67 Connaught Rd., S.E.K.  
Tel. Nos. 23792 & 24473.  
\* Obtainable at all Electrical & Radio Stores.

**SIERA RADIO**

## PHOTOGRAPHS

by our Staff Photographers

Music Festival Concerts.  
Colony Athletic Meeting.  
Urban Council Election.  
St. Teresa's Church Bazaar.  
Police Passing Out Parade.  
Opening of New Memorial Park.  
Hong Kong-Manila Interport Soccer.  
St. Stephen's College Old Boys Dance.  
Kowloon Reel Club Annual Dinner Dance.  
Inter-school Athletics at Caroline Hill.  
H.K. Regiment Mounts Guard at Government House.  
Michigan University Alumni Dinner Party.  
Girl Guides Competition at King's Park.  
St. Thomas More Association Dinner.  
Ordination at R. Catholic Cathedral.  
King George V Old Boys Rugger.  
H.K. Reel Club Dinner Dance.  
Fencing Finals at Y.M.C.A.  
Sports Club Annual Meeting.  
Ladies Hockey Finals.  
Junior Officers Dance.

Available at  
**SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.**  
Wyndham Street.



"Preferential treatment you want? Who do you think you are—a McCarthy man?"

## WHAT WOULD FREUD HAVE THOUGHT OF MR. DODGSON?

The Diaries of Lewis Carroll. Edited by Roger Lancelyn Green. Cassell. Two volumes. 30s. each. 604 pages.

THE religious beliefs of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, mathematical don at Christ Church, Ox-

ford, were serene but unconventional. In the end he might have subscribed to the 39 Articles and taken priest's orders (he was a deacon) if only he could have brought himself to renounce his unclerical passion for the theatre. His idea of heaven was, at least, geometrically precise: a succession of planes of increasing bliss to which the righteous were progressively translated according to their merits. One of the celestial joys to which Dodgson especially looked forward was the solution of the mathematical problems of infinity. They had often perplexed him at Christ Church. But heaven would not be quite itself for him without the companionship of small girl-angels to replace the little friends with whom he found his keenest happiness on earth—and the inspiration which made him Lewis Carroll.

Dodgson as a lecturer was "unspeakably dull, dry and perfunctory." His sermons were troubled by a bad stutter. His crotchets were the plague of college servants, his fellow dons and printers. He disliked undergraduates, boys and babies. But he became another being in the presence of attractive little girls. For them a cupboard in his rooms at Christ Church was kept filled with games, puzzles and mechanical toys. There was, too, a wardrobe of fancy clothes in which they could be photographed by their host, the greatest photographer of children of the nineteenth century. For their sake he was willing even to tolerate their little brothers.

For the entertainment of his little friends, Dodgson, immediately losing his stutter, became a magician capable of inventing endless games, tricks with paper, and stories. In short, he became the creator of Alice in Wonderland.

Alice, daughter of the Dean of Christ Church, was, as her photograph shows, one of the most charming children in Dodgson's gallery. When he met the child, he wrote in his diary, "I mark this day with a white stone." Boasting one day with Alice and her sister—a day which he not only marked with a white stone but declared was a wonderful day—he began to tell the story which Alice enjoyed him into writing down—and which everybody now knows. It is hardly surprising that Alice's mother, Mrs. Liddell, looked with some suspicion on Dodgson, nor was she the only mother to do so. The tall, thin man in clerical dress, with his eternal black cotton gloves, scraping acquaintance with little girls on benches, might well arouse some misgivings. And these might be only partially assuaged when, the little girls reaching the age of fourteen, Dodgson's interest would turn abruptly into coolness.

But, if Dodgson was sometimes annoyed by "Mrs Grundy," as he put it, he was fortunate in living before Freud. For who can say what horrors the psycho-analysts would read into his fleeting adorations? He was, in fact, almost excessively fastidious—even by Victorian standards—in his attitude to questions of "good taste" and morals. His little friends found him easy to shock when they sang music-hall songs or attempted music-hall dances.

Dodgson-Carroll was a mixed bag of eccentricities and talents; inventor of the "necygraph" (a device enabling one to write in the dark), the "Wonderland Postage Stamp Case" and a Rule for successful betting. His diary contains interesting, unguarded glimpses of a curious mind. It could, however, have been pruned of many entries that are merely trivial.

One afternoon, on being admitted to a house, Lewis Carroll dropped on hands and knees and entered a room from which a hubbub of voices proceeded. A conference of serious women were started by this apparition; so was Carroll, who had been invited to a children's party and had arrived at the wrong house.

Readers of his diary (of which four volumes have mysteriously disappeared) will think that, in a sense, Lewis Carroll was in the wrong house all the time.



By ... GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

## A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Crazy (4).
- 4 Send to the bottom (7).
- 8 Nation (4).
- 9 Attitude (4).
- 10 Foes (7).
- 11 Crooked (4).
- 12 Repeat (4).
- 14 Walks heavily (7).
- 17 Snake (5).
- 19 Twist (5).
- 22 Slim (7).
- 26 Commune (4).
- 27 Quote (4).
- 28 Arms high (7).
- 29 Way out (4).
- 30 Pass over (4).
- 31 Own (7).
- 32 Herb (4).

DOWN

- 2 Made reparation (6).
- 3 Threefold (6).
- 4 Aroma (5).
- 5 Middle (6).
- 6 Shy (5).
- 7 Vassal (5).
- 12 Disfigure (4).
- 13 Tool (4).
- 15 Blood (4).
- 16 Stitches (4).
- 18 Holiday (6).
- 20 Crawls (6).
- 21 Getting nearer (6).
- 23 Rope (5).
- 24 Fasteners (5).
- 25 Hazards (6).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD. — Across: 1 Ardour, 5 Lunch, 8 Seven, 9 System, 10 Vigil, 11 Dopes, 12 Maul, 13 Roast, 18 Assent, 19 Decoit, 20 Great, 22 Mere, 23 Sings, 25 Curio, 28 Limpot, 27 Ended, 28 Bears, 29 Teased. Down: 1 Assuming, 2 Dissuade, 3 Used, 4 Remorse, 5 Leveret, 6 Unison, 7 Cries, 14 Attempts, 15 Talked, 16 Actions, 17 Singlet, 19 Easier, 21 Rouse, 24 Side.

## PARADE

**MARBLES** There's trouble in the marble world. The "world marble championship" is fought out every Good Friday on the Tinsley Green common, England. It has always been a decorous and gentlemanly affair.

Now it is threatened with the intrusion of a women's team from Yorkshire. The "British Marbles Board of Control" met in the saloon bar of the Greyhound Inn and told the ladies they had jolly well better stay home.

But, women being women, they may turn up after all.

This year, for the first time too, an American team will join the fray—It, that is, they can get any practice in. The Americans, mostly embassy types, emerged from their Grosvenor Square offices the other day and tried to set up a game in nearby Hyde Park.

Within minutes, they were surrounded by a horde of small boys. Minutes later, they had only two marbles left. They gave up.

**AWFUL WEDDED WIFE** Retiring after 21 years as Superintendent Registrar of the Barton district of Lancashire is Daniel Casey, who says that by far the most remarkable change of the last 50 years is the number of people who now remarry after divorce.

Mr Casey says that almost all the 7,000 couples he has married were impressed by the little homily he gave after the ceremony. He was unable, however, to do anything for the bridegroom who recently walked into his office and said: "That tied me up with a girl four years ago. It hasn't worked, so she's my uncle now."

He likes to remember the nervous groom who agreed to take the bride to be his "awful wedded wife" to which she retorted: "That's great, wait till I get thee whooam."

**SOMETHING OLD** Mary Booyen, Johannesburg, a soft-spoken African who started life as a slave, will get married next month.

The same month, she will be 112. For the wedding she will wear a red silk dress she last wore to a dance 46 years ago—and carry a faded bouquet of artificial flowers which she carried at her first wedding. That was in 1859.

And after the wedding? Mary will go back to taking in washing.

**EASY WAY** To help erring motorists to part with their money, a graceful, friendly Toronto City Council is thinking of making it possible for them to pay their fines to pretty girl cashiers.

The system is already in use in Montreal, where fines can be paid to the girl cashiers in the banks. Sixty percent of Montreal fines are now paid through the banks.

**WATER DRUNK** Tax-pressed drinkers took heart this week. The medical journal, Lancet, reported that you can get drunk—even get the DT's—on WATER.

It only happens after operations. Water sometimes dilutes the blood stream. When it gets to the brain, the patient gets very drunk indeed.

**WHISTLE** "Jane Russell" and "Marilyn Monroe" appeared in a Half-whistle (England) court last week — charged with poaching rabbits.

The magistrate and the policemen, however, were fellows who knew what Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe look like. They suggested that the girls might like to give their real names — Thelma Page and Irene Taylor.

**HOME TREATMENT** Highly-paid psychiatrists may not have proved, but at least parents did, it confirmed what Father had in mind long ago.

It was the final opinion of Mrs Dorothy Jupp, of Brentford, Middlesex, who has just retired after fourteen years as a juvenile court magistrate.

Neither gangster films nor American comics make kids go wrong, she said. The remedy for incipient delinquency lay at home.

She added: "I have become convinced that the fault is usually with the parents. They should be stricter at home. A good spanking from father would probably keep a lot of children out of the courts."

**INVALID** In training for the 1956 Olympics (in Melbourne) is Miller Murray Halberg, a 30-year old New Zealand student teacher. Four years ago he was seriously injured in a football game. Doctors told him that he would only pull through if he avoided all strenuous activities and resigned himself to living as an invalid. Only a few weeks ago, however, the "invalid" ran the mile in 4 minutes 18.2 seconds before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Dunedin. Now the "invalid" hopes to be the first man to run a 4-minute mile.

**BEDSIDE MANNER** To ensure that budding doctors have the right "bedside manner," the Danish Medical Association is planning a scheme whereby all medical students who intend to become general practitioners will be apprenticed to "elderly doctors" and accompany them on their rounds.

**SLAVE TRADE** Following crop failures in Japan hundreds of families are once more selling their children into slavery at £10 a child. The majority are girls of from 16 to 18 and a report by the Welfare Ministry declares that children are being sold at the rate of nearly 2,000 a year through a system of child-brokers. The girls become servants or "waitresses" in city cafes.

**BARBS** By HAL COCHRAN

**GIRLS** are naturally curious, says a teacher. Some, however, don't mind being kept in the dark.

A psychologist says one mind can affect another at a distance. Like when you trump your partner's ace.

Many a man looks run-down because of the bills his wife runs up.

Some of the most comical comic strips will soon be parading on the beaches.

Any taxi driver could give you a list of people who have been driven to drink.

When fat friends seriously start down the road to thinness, it's a pleasure to watch them lose their weight.

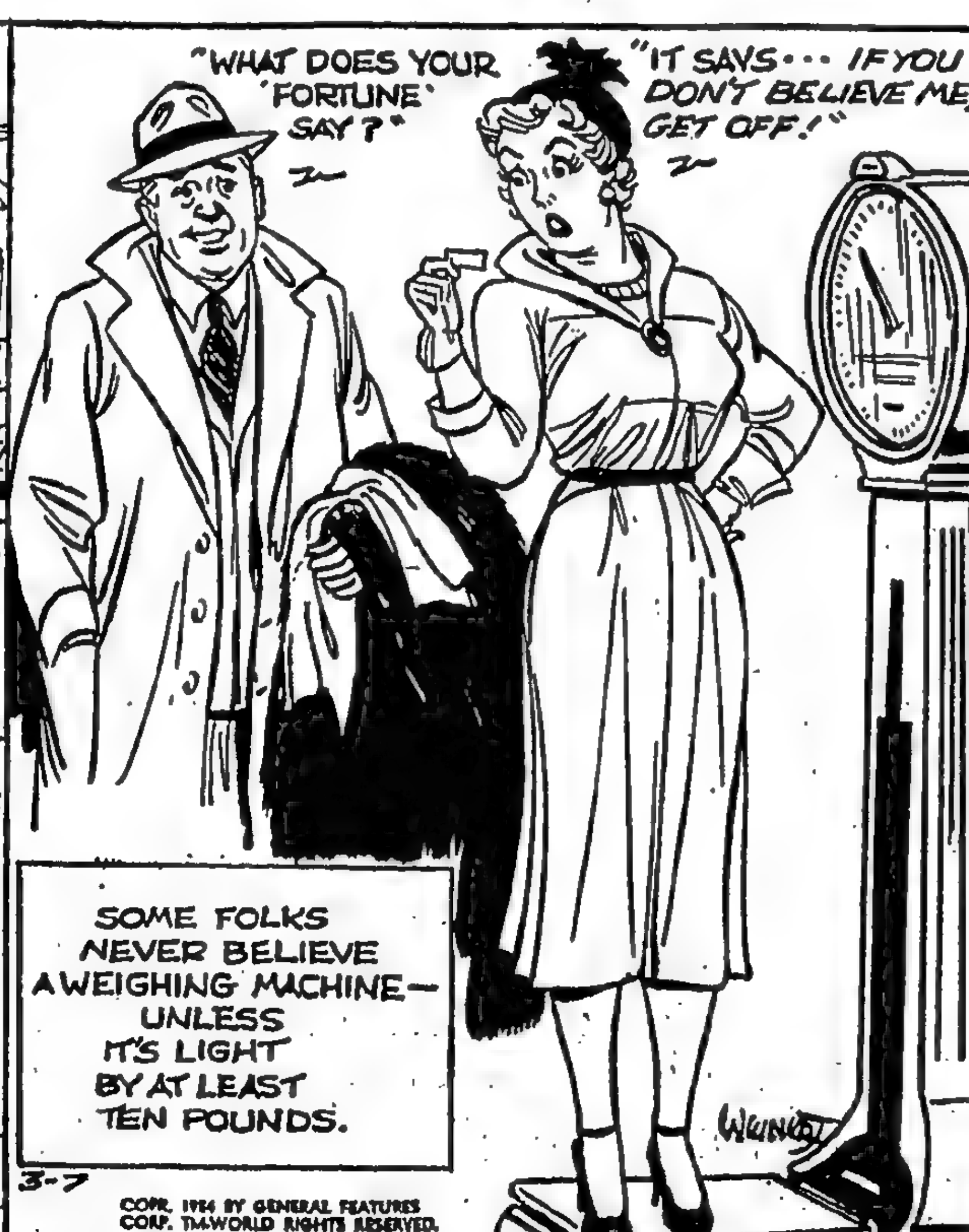
A magician isn't the only one who produces things you haven't seen before. Think what some laundries bring back.

In having a young man's fancy nighty turn to gasoline.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

### Plain And Fancy Fibbing

BY HARRY WEINERT





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## Radio Hongkong Relaying Commentary On 100th University Boat Race

Oxford and Cambridge will row their 100th Boat Race over the traditional course of the River Thames from Putney to Mortlake this afternoon. A commentary on the race by John Snagge will be relayed over Radio Hongkong at 9.30 this evening.

April 4 is the 5th Anniversary of the signing of NATO, and later in the week Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a BBC programme which underlines the aims, purposes and achievements of NATO. This programme, called "Defence of the West," comes at 10 p.m. on Friday and is a panoramic programme designed to cover all these aspects—it is introduced by Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of NATO and Vice-Chairman of the North Atlantic Council.

World Health Day this year falls on April 7. At 8.10 p.m. Radio Hongkong is broadcasting two messages from officials of the World Health Organisation. The first is from the Director-General which is to be read by the Hon. Dr K. C. Yeo, Director of Medical and Health Services; the second is from the Regional Director for the Western Pacific, to be read by Miss M. L. Everett, Principal Matron, Medical Department. The theme of this year's World Health Day is "The Nurse, Pioneer of Health."

Tuesday, April 6, is Budget Day in Britain. As in previous years the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, will broadcast the Budget Speech, which can be heard by Hongkong listeners on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. It can also be heard simultaneously on Rediffusion.

### "WORDS ROUND THE WORLD"

The Silver Jubilee of the incorporation of Cable and Wireless Ltd. occurs next week, and the BIC are honouring this great occasion with a programme entitled "Words Round the World."

It is the story of 25 years' endeavour and achievement by Cable and Wireless Ltd., the British Commonwealth organisation which supplies, operates and maintains cables and radio circuits linking most of the earth. The programme is written by Robert Pocock and produced by Maurice Brown, and will be broadcast over Radio Hongkong at 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday.

The opening of the King George V Memorial Hall, which was originally scheduled for last Monday, has been postponed until April 5. The ceremony will be broadcast over Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at 8.10 with H. E. the Governor's speech in full, and a commentary on the proceedings by Brig Young.

### MUSIC

Listeners will remember Jenny Wong, who has broadcast many times over Radio Hongkong, and who is to give a recital from the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening at 8.30. For inclusion in her recital, Miss Wong has chosen Mozart's Piano and Sonata in C Minor, and a rarely played piano piece by Grieg, the Air from the Holberg Suite.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles per second and on 0.2 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

### Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
1.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
1.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
2.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
2.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
2.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
3.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
3.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
3.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
3.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
4.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
4.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
4.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
4.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
5.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
5.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
5.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
5.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
6.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
6.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
6.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
6.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
7.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
7.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
8.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
8.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
8.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
8.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
9.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
9.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
9.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
10.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
10.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
11.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
11.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
11.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
11.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
12.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
12.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.

### FERNAND

2.00 PALACE OF VARIETIES—AN OLD TIME MUSIC HALL.  
2.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
2.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
3.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
3.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
3.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
3.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
4.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
4.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
4.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
4.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
5.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
5.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
5.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
5.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
6.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
6.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
6.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
6.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
7.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
7.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
7.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
8.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
8.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
8.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
8.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
9.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
9.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
9.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.00 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
10.15 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
10.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
10.45 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
11.00 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
11.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
11.30 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
11.45 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.  
12.00 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
12.15 LUNCHEON MUSIC.  
12.30 Overture "Son and Stranger" Op. 40 (Mendelssohn)—Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.

### Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
10.05 WEATHER REPORT.  
10.10 FOOTBALL RESULTS.  
10.15 MORNING MUSIC.  
10.20 THE TONNAGE ORCHESTRA.  
10.25 BAKER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (WITH VOCAL).  
10.30 CORALINE: Tropicana with chorus. Ender June with chorus. Because of King's Cole (vocal). April in Portugal. I love the Sun. Bill Kennedy (vocal solo). Oh! As long as you care—Sue Chorus. A little Love—Chorus.  
11.00 SERVICE FROM THE STUDIO.  
11.05 CONDUCTED BY COLONEL TRUCKER. The Salvation Army.  
11.10 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.  
11.15 THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.  
11.20 CONDUCTED BY SIR BERNARD HENSLER.  
11.25 P.M. STUDIO SPORTS TIME.  
11.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
11.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
8.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
9.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
10.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
11.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
12.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
1.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
2.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
3.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
4.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
5.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.30 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.35 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.40 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.45 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
6.50 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.00 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.05 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.10 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.15 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.20 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).  
7.25 "HORN MARIE" (HARDY).



# THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

## COLONY BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE HERE AGAIN

By "ARGONAUT"

The Colony Open Badminton Championships, which started with the Junior events last Thursday, are back again and promise another good series except for one disappointing feature which could be given special consideration by the Hongkong Badminton Association.

A good crowd gave the opening games at the Talkoo court on Thursday a rousing send-off. Pat Gardner and Mrs S. McColl and Brian Douglass and Mrs E. Gray failed to get through their first round in the Mixed Doubles, but must be highly complimented for participating in the Championships.

They at least brought the game to a balcony-full of spectators and at least a few potential players among them. The total number of entries for all the Junior events has been maintained at 51 and the standard is expected to be higher this year than in any previous season.

The big disappointment comes in the cancellation of the Junior Ladies' Singles event and in the small number of four entries in the Junior Ladies' Doubles.

No fewer than four schoolgirls are participating: Mary Wong, Chen Yuen-yue, Diana Yung and Betty Yung. Surprisingly enough the various clubs with lady playing members have not rallied sufficiently to the support.

The absence of a Ladies' League may have a great deal to do with the lukewarm interest shown by the Colony's lady players and to boost this interest a strong attempt should be made by the Association to run some sort of Ladies' League next season.

Ways and means of building up further interest in the game among the Colony's feminine shuttlers could be explored if the Association would appoint a Ladies' League sub-committee of one lady representative from each club.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB TENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 10th April & Saturday 17th April, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. on the 1st Day and the First Race on the 2nd Day.

On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 1.30 a.m. and the First Race on the 2nd Day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

MEMBERS ARE INFORMED THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADIES' BROUCHES NOW SUPERSEDE THE PREVIOUS ISSUE.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Refills will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

### CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$44.00. Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 1st Day (10th April) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Almeida Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

### SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# GIVE THE SECOND DIVISION SIDES A CHANCE UNDER THE FLOODLIGHTS

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

It is a great pity that the initial wave of enthusiasm for floodlit football in Hongkong has temporarily waned. There is no doubt that there is a big public for this kind of soccer entertainment and it is a matter for some regret that this present lull has set in.

However, it must be realised that the teams who would prove to be the biggest attractions have been, and still are, submerged in a heavy programme of important games.

Nevertheless it seems that an excellent opportunity to put our less prominent sides into the public eye is being neglected. Representative sides from the lower divisions would probably be glad of the chance to put their wares on view and with suitable admission charges there should be no difficulty in making such a venture pay. . . . and at the same time let the younger players see that they are neither forgotten nor neglected.

### RECENT EXPERIMENTS

When discussing floodlighting it is interesting to hear of two recent experiments in the United Kingdom which may have far-reaching influence on the development of an acceptable type of lighting that will answer all the various criticisms that are made at present.

One experiment is being carried out in London and the other at Glasgow. The London experiment is being carried out at Wembley Stadium as the result of a recent decision to install floodlighting equipment in the famous arena.

Many experts have been called in to give advice and a recent unofficial comment on progress says that one interesting suggestion is to provide lighting in huge batteries directly over the playing field. When a full scale match was played there recently the general attitude was that the lighting system was the best that had so far been attempted and the specially selected players who had had experience of other systems said that this was the first time they had

been able to look up into the lights without being blinded. Success with floodlighting is really a case of trial and error, for it has already been clearly established that what is completely satisfactory in one ground does not meet the requirements of another.

The Club Stadium at Happy Valley, with its completely covered surroundings, is ideally set out for well spaced lighting and if, as I have heard suggested, the progressive Club officials are going to try out the transverse battery system, then I think we can look forward to big strides being made in floodlit football in the not too distant future.

In the meantime could not the present system be put to advantage by putting Tom Sneddon to work with coaching classes under the lights?

### A LESSON

A little incident which took place in the Governor's Cup game last week-end probably escaped the notice of almost everyone watching the game, but those who did notice it quickly appreciated its significance.

When the game was well advanced and the score-sheet still blank a heavy shower of rain broke over the ground. A wet, slippery ball is the goalkeeper's biggest worry and as soon as the rain started Granger in the HKFA goal quickly turned into the corner of the net, collected his gloves and put them on.

How different were things at the other end. Wai Fat-kim had difficulty in handling a couple of cross balls and in fact dropped one of them. . . . Hau Yung-sang quickly spotted the danger and started shouting and waving to the team officials to fetch a pair of gloves for the goalkeeper. . . . Wai Fat-kim himself pointed in the signalling, but more than five minutes passed before the all important gloves were provided.

This should be a lesson to all, goalkeepers and team officials alike, for the game might very well have been lost and won in these few minutes when Wai Fat-kim was caught unprepared.

It is the little things that often make all the difference between victory and defeat and, whatever the weather may look like, goalkeepers, in particular, should always be prepared for the unexpected.

### MACAO INTERPORT

The All Hongkong side will be in action against Macao tomorrow at Macao and if they play to their normal form they should bring back the honours.

Hongkong will be represented by Granger (Army); Armstrong (Club); Wells (Army); Chan Fai-hung (Kitchener); Frazer (Army-Captain); Tong Sheung (South China); Ho Ying-fun (Kitchener); Reeves (Army); Bennett (Army); Yiu Cheuk-yin (South China); Hau Ching-to (Kitchener).

The following players will travel as reserves—McLaren (RAF), Lau Yee (South China), Tang Sun (KMB), Honnibal (Sing Tao), Mok Chun-wah (South China), Szeto Man (KMB).

### WEEK-END MATCHES

As far as local fans are concerned the week-end will lack the top ranking events that we enjoyed last week, but this afternoon there is sure to be a big crowd at the Club Stadium for the 1953-54 final of the Memorial Cup which sees Kowloon Chinese and Hongkong Chinese in opposition. The match is listed to start at 5 o'clock.

This could be a thrilling game and it is difficult to spot the winner. I have a feeling that the Hongkong boys will just about do enough to see them through to the collection of another trophy.

Tomorrow is a quiet day and only one First Division match is down for decision. It is one which will be played without any spectators. It is a meeting of Kwong Wah and St Joseph's and it takes place on the Army ground at Sookunpo. Neither team has shown very consistent form this season but the Chinese boys may have the little extra power that will bring them a couple of points. Kick-off is at 5 o'clock.

### NEXT WEEK

There are several interesting games listed for the incoming week. On Tuesday, Kitchener chasing KMB are in action at Caroline Hill against St. Joseph's and anything short of a substantial win for the Busmen would be in the nature of a minor sensation.

While this game is in progress a more even encounter will be taking place at the Club Stadium where Club entertain South China. The Champions are on dangerous ground here and nothing but a complete repeat of the brilliant form they showed against the Army will see them through. Both of these games are due to start at 5.45 p.m.

On Wednesday the Army side will be in action again against Kwong Wah and they will have to do better than they did against South China if they hope to gain the points. The game, which will be played at the Club Stadium, will commence at 5.45 p.m.

Kitchener, this season's Challenge Shield winners, take the field on Thursday at Caroline Hill when they tackle the Royal Air Force. This is very much a game of "if".

If the RAF can reproduce their South China form, then the verdict is wide open. . . . If they don't then Kitchener look like clear winners. After the Army's defeat by South China every point is valuable to Kitchener as the final positions at the top of the League are still very much in doubt.

## WEEK-END SOFTBALL

# Chinese Athletic And The Braves Can't Afford To Lose Tomorrow

By "SNOOPER"

Not so long ago, it seemed that Mak Kwong's Chinese Athletic Association or Ed Carvalho's Braves or both would be fighting it out for the Senior "A" softball pennant. As it turned out both have lacked staying power this season—or is it that vital spark which makes a good side into the champion of champions?

Diminished as their aspirations are, the two teams will be all out in quest of the runner-up position in the League when they come up against mediocre opposition on Sunday.

The Chinese Athletic Association ballplayers, a much better team than the Braves, should not fall in this game while the Braves are expected to beat Chiu Tso's South China in no uncertain manner to share honours or second place in the League.

In their unsuccessful bid to retain the Senior "A" Pennant, the Braves produced two outstanding batters in rightfielder southpaw, Bui Dhabber, and first baseman Chiu Yuenovich.

Last month Yuenovich was the most dangerous contender for the Senior "A" batting Championship but failed to accomplish a hit against both the Pandas and the Chinese Athletic Association, as a result of which his batting averages slumped considerably to drop behind Dhabber, C. M. Tsang, Seldom Ma and Y. S. Laing respectively.

It was only Dhabber who has maintained his batting consistency and supporters of the Braves were particularly happy when he got a hit against the Saints in the return encounter last week-end.

A powerful batter, Dhabber will be given the best chance of hitting South China's Dick Lau although a challenge should come from CAA's C. M. Tsang who may cause an upset should he hit pitcher Ismail for a 100 percent batting performance.

The only real difference between Yolly Silva and Irene Starkey was in finishing, and had Irene Starkey been able to hit Pearl Chan or May Wu consistently in their last outing, she might have won the title outright.

Meanwhile, Pandas' third base, Bonnie Chang, who seems to do little else but accumulate hits in the last few Pandaresque League games, has improved considerably to edge out both Terry Noronha and Irene Starkey in the final tabulation for runner-up position.

Bonnie Chang justifies her return to batting prominence and, with shortstop Amy Cheng she is generally considered one of the finest ballplayers in the Ladies' loop.

In the Junior Division, J. Morales of the PI Dodgers has virtually won the Junior Batting Championship with a .448 average. W. H. Chan of the Chinese Athletic Association, trailing Morales with a .429 average, failed to accomplish the well-nigh impossible task of overtaking the Dodger slugger in his last League appearance against the CAA second stringers and must be contented with the runner-up position.

Others who have done well in the batting department are H. Honnibal of the Pandas, A. Fuller of the 25 Gunners, W. L. Chan of CAA 1 and F. Jen of the Pandas.

The following are the two teams:

**Delawares:** Pitcher—Googoo Santos; Catcher—Tony Rodriguez; 1st baseman—Frankie Loureiro; 2nd baseman—Junior Pomerooy; 3rd baseman—Manuel Remedios; Shortstop—Sunny Sequeira; Left-fielder—Vic Britto; Centre-fielder—Junior Tavares; Right-fielder—Georgie Ribeiro.

**The Rest:** Jimmy Herlick (Pandas); C. Vieira, D. Moll, R. Matos (Wildfires); Claude Pugh, Jack Bordwell, John Heidemann (Americans); R. Vieira (Hongkong University); O. Souza, J. Azavedo, Tony Rey, T. Tavares, E. Eusebio, D. O'Connor, and M. Nunes (PI Dodgers).

### CRUELLY HIT

In the Ladies' League, Wahoo's Terry Noronha, cruelly hit by a hand injury, was deprived of the Batting Championship this season. Terry posed as a dangerous contender for the title with a .418 average, but after her hand injury she was unable to hit the ball with the same relish that she showed in the first round games against both the Pandas and the Collets to drop out of the batting race.

### CHAMPION BATTER

Champion batter in this division is Yolly Silva of the Wahoos "B" whose .429 remained unchallenged by Wahoos' shortstop Irene Starkey who had only a hit in three times at bat against the Pandaresques.

### MATTER OF FAIRNESS

The youthful Rexes have once been criticised by the writer for failing to show up for an important League game against Jackie Wei's Pandas, and it is hoped that they appear at King's Park on Sunday against the Chinese Athletic Association.

It is important that they do so as CAA's first baseman Tsang and third baseman Seldom Ma are mathematically still in the running for the Batting Championship race and a walkover from the Rexes will certainly deprive them of a chance to overhaul Dhabber at this most crucial stage of the League.

Apart from the two Senior "A" League games, the League Management Committee has arranged an exhibition tussle between Bill Silva's champion Delawares and the Rest of the Senior "B" to be played at 4 p.m. on Sunday.

The Delawares, who walloped Bob Suzman's Americans 13-3, have created a big impression among followers of the sport at King's Park and will start strong favourites to beat the Rest.

The following are the two teams:

**Delawares:** Pitcher—Googoo Santos; Catcher—Tony Rodriguez; 1st baseman—Frankie Loureiro; 2nd baseman—Junior Pomerooy; 3rd baseman—Manuel Remedios; Shortstop—Sunny Sequeira; Left-fielder—Vic Britto; Centre-fielder—Junior Tavares; Right-fielder—Georgie Ribeiro.

**The Rest:** Jimmy Herlick (Pandas); C. Vieira, D. Moll, R. Matos (Wildfires); Claude Pugh, Jack Bordwell, John Heidemann (Americans); R. Vieira (Hongkong University); O. Souza, J. Azavedo, Tony Rey, T. Tavares, E. Eusebio, D. O'Connor, and M. Nunes (PI Dodgers).

**JUNIOR KO TOURNAMENT**

The only game down for decision this afternoon will be the return encounter between the 25 Gunners and the Maumaus. The Maumaus, who contributed a prominent share of bright softball in the Junior League at the start of the season, slumped considerably after pitcher Daniel Remedios has signed up for the Americans.

Main interest in this game, which should see the Maumaus win by a substantial margin, is centred on the batting performance of two of the Gunners' batters in A. Fuller and Frank Wadsworth.

The two soldiers should make good use of this game as they are capable of scoring a couple of hits which should enhance their position in the final batting standings. Fuller stands a good chance of being placed third in the final batting tabulations.

Arrangements are being finalised to stage the Junior Knock-out Tournament on Saturday, April 10. The Chinese Athletic Association first team, champions of this division, will be barred.

The draw, announced by the League Management Committee, is as follows:—

First round—Pandas v PI Dodgers; 25 Gunners v Rookies; Comets v Maumaus; CAA 2 v Cubs. The semi-final round will take place on Saturday, April 17 with the final round scheduled for Saturday, April 24.

The Final of the International Softball Series between Portugal and China will be played over the Easter Holidays and the Annual Presentation Dance is to be held at the Peninsula Hotel in early May.

A SUGGESTION

The Hongkong Softball Association should thank the handful of official scorers for the astonishingly prominent share of work done during the League softball season and the general feeling is that the Association should reserve a special area for SCORERS ONLY when the next softball season comes around.

When things were going rough, the scorers gave the impression that they were about to quit their posts, but they have certainly played their part by hanging on in spite of admitted difficulties, which speaks highly of their loyalty and enthusiasm. The Association, too, must remember that the function of the scorers is an important one and unless fullest support is given, the Association cannot expect the scorers to play the game.

It is strongly recommended that a box be made exclusively for the scorers who, despite their wonderful zeal in the execution of their duties, look very much out of place at King's Park today. It will be pleasing to see them work in peace all by themselves next season.

**FINAL STANDINGS**

Pending official confirmation from the Hongkong Softball Association, following is the order of standings in the Batting Championship race:—

Senior "A"—Bui Dhabber (Braves); C. M. Tsang, (CAA); Y. S. Laing (Pandas); Chiu Yuenovich (Braves); Seldom Ma, (CAA); Johnny Pereira (Warriors).

Senior "B"—D. Moll (Wildfires); Frankie Loureiro (Delawares); Eddie Tao (Pandas); Tony Rodriguez (Delawares); Chiu Yuenovich (Dodgers); Wheeler (Americans).

Junior League—J. Morales (PI Dodgers); W. H. Chan (Chinese Athletic Association); H. Honnibal (Pandas); A. Fuller, (25 Gunners); W. L. Chan, (CAA 1); F. Jen (Pandas).

Ladies' League—Yolly Silva (Wahoos "B"); Bonnie Chiu (Pandaresques); Terry Noronha (Wahoos "A"); Irene Starkey (Wahoos "A"); Sheila Bernal Silva (Collets).

**Parasitic skin disease, itching, eczema etc.**

**Mitigal**

**CIL & OINTMENT**

**Bayer LEVERKUSEN GERMANY.**

**HERMES BABY**

**810 PORTABLE TYPEWRITER IDEAL FOR AIR TRAVEL SPALINGERS**

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!

**POP**

SEE IF IT WILL GO NOW!



Made in England for  
Nexone Pty. Limited











**THE BEESTON BOILER CO., LTD.**  
HEATING EQUIPMENT, BOILERS,  
RADIATORS, ETC.

**ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.**  
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27789

# CHINA MAIL

Page 20 SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1954.

**SHEAFFER'S**  
NEW  
"CLICKER"  
BALLPOINT  
PEN  
WITH  
RUBY  
TIP

Available at  
All Good Stores

## EARLY AGREEMENT SEEN ON GENEVA PLANS

JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

### THE WRITER

IT has been Edward's business all his working life to observe and report upon his fellow men's behaviour.

As a writer for newspapers and magazines, as the author of at least one novel, as yet unpublished, and one play that has still to be produced, other people glimpsed, studied or imagined at their moments of triumph and disaster, have provided the raw material in which he has worked.

Now, at 51, Edward, whose pen so often has drawn sighs of pity from his readers for those about whom he has written, is himself in a plight as pitiable as any of theirs.

The other day, at the West London court, Edward pleaded guilty to stealing an expensive book from a department store.

HE is a brisk-looking man, with dark hair receding from his forehead, who wears a small moustache, and a neat bow tie, and when the police were called to the store, he told them he had, earlier that afternoon, stolen two other books from two other shops.

"There are two previous convictions," said a police officer to Mr. E. R. Guest, the magistrate. "In 1946, he was fined £1 for stealing a lady's fan. In 1952, he was conditionally discharged up in Blackpool for making improper use of a railway carriage."

"What was he doing?" the magistrate asked. "Sleeping in it," the officer answered, without further explanation. Instead, he turned to Edward's history. "All his life until recently," he said, "this man has been a journalist and writer. Lately, he has not been very successful, and has been working in the kitchens of hotels and living in Howton Houses."

ANTI-SOCIAL  
"MAY I tell you the reason for that," Edward put in, his accent homely North Country. The magistrate nodded. "I owe my present condition," Edward said, "to chronic alcoholism."

"Right at the outset, I want to say I realise it was anti-social of me to take property that didn't belong to me, yesterday. This morning, my clothes are not clouded by drink. Yesterday, I did slip."

SHOP TALK  
AND with the drinks, offered out of friendship, there would be that heady "shop" talk all writers indulge in, and for Edward the brief magic of feeling he belonged again, was one with all writers from Shakespeare down. Then the friend would go, back to the work he was busy on, and Edward would be alone again, a kitchen porter out of a job.

"I have a full length play, sir, night after night I have stood outside a stage door in the West End trying to catch a very famous actress to ask her to read it."

"I have another work, sir, that deals with a subject with which I have become all too familiar..."

"I think the subject of your work will assist me to decide anything," said the magistrate.

"I just want to show that I'm trying to earn my living," Edward said.

"I shall remand you in custody for a fortnight," said Mr. Guest. "I want there to be a thorough medical examination."

### No Opposition Expected To Two Western Moves

Washington, Apr. 2. American officials said today they anticipate early agreement between Moscow and Washington on the "house-keeping" details of the Geneva conference on the Far East which opens on April 26.

They said they expect the Soviet Union to agree to a United States suggestion made in a note to the Kremlin last Monday that English, French, Russian, Chinese and Korean all be employed as official languages at the conference.

It was believed that the Soviet Union will express no opposition to the idea that each side of the conference — the 16 United Nations allies and South Korea on the one hand and the Communist countries on the other — should provide its own Secretariat to handle translations and circulation of documents.

American authorities pointed out that the basic for agreement on these technical details had been more or less laid during the Panmunjom talks in which these two items of secretariat and languages were about the only items the two sides did agree on.

Meanwhile, policy officials said they recognise that the Soviet Union probably would make more intense effort on the Indo-China phase of the Geneva conference than on the Korea matter because the Reds believed that they had greater opportunity there of making an inroad by dividing the Allies.

American officials said that they are determined not to let the Reds play one area off against another but will stick firmly to their position that Geneva actually comprises two separate conferences, one on Korea and one on Indo-China.

United States officials are consulting frequently at the working level here with the representatives of the 15 other United Nations members involved on the technical details of the conference.

TOP LEVEL MEETING  
The Ambassadors of United Nations countries here are expected to meet with top level officials such as the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, and the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Walter Robertson, when it becomes necessary to finalise the Allied policy position on the conference.

Meanwhile, the Allies are counting on the United States to take the initiative in making arrangements for the Korean part of the conference while France does the same as regards the part of the talks which will be on Indo-China.

So far, all of the 15 other United Nations allies have accepted the invitation to the Geneva conference except South Africa, which has declined to attend. The South Africans, who furnished an aircraft squadron in the war, have told the United States that they believe their point of view can be adequately expressed by the other allies.

American officials said that the Government of South Korea still has not formally accepted the American invitation to Geneva but indications are that it will do so. Russia was given the job of inviting Communist China and North Korea and both are expected to attend.

The idea of having two separate secretariats at Geneva, one for each side, was suggested by the United States because at Panmunjom the Communists firmly declined an American suggestion that the United Nations be asked to provide a general secretariat. — United Press.

NO SURRENDER  
Saigon Apr. 2. Vietnamese political and religious leaders today vowed never to surrender to Communism or support any compromise "which might affect national independence or liberty."

Their declaration came three weeks before the opening of the Geneva conference on the Far East which France hopes will lead to a settlement of the seven-year-old Indo-China war against Vietnamese Communists.

### Two Years For "Fiendish Cruelty"

Melbourne, Apr. 2. Mr. Arthur Victor Murray, 44-year-old father of eight children, was sent to two years' hard labour here today for what the Judge called "fiendish cruelty" towards his son.

Mr. Murray, a driver, was accused of thrashing his 15-year-old son with sticks, breaking both the boy's arms and cutting his head and ear, because he suspected him of a theft.

A few hours later, he gave his son a second thrashing with a belt or strap. Chief Justice Herring said a father had a right and duty to correct his son. "But he can do so without brutality and without sadistic cruelty. It does not give him the right to work himself into a fury in which he behaves like a fiend." — China Mail Special.

### MRP Wants EDC Debated By May 25

Paris, Apr. 2. The Deputy Chairman of the Popular Republican Movement (MRP), M. Robert Bichet, has threatened the resignation of his party's eight ministers if Parliament does not start "the EDC (European Defence Community) ratification debate by May 25."

It was high time for the Government to take a stand and decide to start the ratification debate by May 25 at the latest, M. Bichet told an MRP meeting in Versailles last night.

"If it happens otherwise the MRP National congress which is meeting on May 27 would doubtless ask for the withdrawal of its ministers from the Government. The choice must be made now," he added.

The eight MRP ministers in Premier Joseph Laniel's Government include the Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bidault, and the Deputy Premier, M. Pierre Henri Teitgen.

The Government, seriously divided on the European Army issue, has not yet made up its mind when the National Assembly should start the ratification debate. — Reuter.

### Mild Weather For Gothic Queen Resting

Aboard the Gothic, Apr. 2. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh resting after their strenuous Australian tour are enjoying a peaceful voyage in mild weather to the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean where they will arrive on Monday.

Cocos, under its "White King," 24-year-old John Clunies Ross, is making preparations to give a fitting welcome to the Royal visitors.

He himself intends to pilot the Queen's barge through the intricate channels of the lagoon from the Gothic to the principal island of the group of 27. Mr. Clunies Ross comes from a Scottish trading family which was granted a perpetual lease of the palm-fringed islands by Queen Victoria in the mid 19th century.

He is the great great grandson of the Scot who first landed on the "atoll of the heavenly footsteps" — home island — in 1825 and decided to make it a private Utopia.

The islands, midway between Ceylon and Australia, have a population of about 1,000, mainly Malays and Europeans. Dark handsome John Clunies Ross became "king" in 1949 on his 21st birthday. — Reuter.

### Stubborn Defence By West Indies: 123 For 3 At Tea

Kingston, Jamaica, Apr. 2. West Indies had scored 123 for the loss of three wickets at tea today in the Test against England here.

At the lunch interval they scored 54 for two wickets, having added 34 runs during the 90 minutes morning play for the loss of two wickets.

Pace bowler Freddie Trueman struck the first blow for England, 20 minutes after the resumption, when he dismissed John Holt for eight. Only six runs had been added to the overnight total when Holt turned a fast inswinger to backward short leg, where Tony Lock took a two-handed catch a foot from the ground.

The weather was extremely hot. The ball did not lift as it had done on the first morning. But the pitch was still fairly fast and Trueman bowled with considerable speed.

Everton Weekes offered Tom Graveney a very difficult chance off spinner Jim Laker when only one ball after scoring three in half an hour, he played a ball from Johnny Wardle hard on to his wicket with the total at 33.

Opening bat Jeff Stollmeyer defended stubbornly with Worrell until lunch. Scores: West Indies, 1st Innings 139; England, 1st Innings 414. West Indies, 2nd Innings J. Holt, c. Lock, b. Trueman 8; J. Stollmeyer, not out 29; E. Weekes, b. Wardle, 3; F. Worrell, not out 12. Extras 12. for two 54. — Reuter.

### BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

HIDDEN ANIMALS: them on key; (see key).

CROSSWORD:

DOWN: 1. EASE 2. OPEN 3. ALTO 4. DENE 5. PEE 6. EROS 7. TEMPOS 8. ST 9. EMS 10. DEEP 11. NNE 12. ORAL 13. DATA 14. LATE 15. OWES

DIAMOND:

CAB TERRA FENNELS CARNIVALS BREVITY ALATE BLY S

PET BREEDS: 1-Sheep, 2-Cow, 3-Dog, 4-Fish, 5-Cat, 6-Pony, 7-Horse, 8-Pig, 9-Chicken, 10-Duck.

CIRCUS MIX-UPS: India rubber man; Aerialists; Fun-making clowns.

CIRCUS REBUS: Giraffe; Leopard; Lions; Big Top.

Word Game

1-Dog, 2-Cow, 3-Wasp, 4-Fox, 5-Deer, 6-Hen, 7-Mink, 8-Elk, 9-Crab, 10-Hen, 11-Mink, 12-Crab.

'What's His Line?' Solution

IRONMONGER  
London Express Service

Rugby Union result: Penzance and Newlyn 10 points Barnstaple 0. — Reuter.

### Test Close Of Play Score

Kingston, Apr. 2. At the close of play today West Indies in their second innings had scored 184 for the loss of four wickets.

They still require 91 runs to avoid an innings defeat. — Reuter.

### UK Minister Opposes Merger Plan

London, Apr. 2. The Minister of State for the Colonies, Mr. Henry Hopkinson, today opposed the idea of merging the Colonial and Commonwealth Relations Offices.

He was commenting in a House of Commons debate on suggestions that the Colonial Office should be abolished or that it should be merged with the Commonwealth Relations Office.

Mr. Hopkinson said there must be a member of the Cabinet whose sole concern was the welfare and advancement of the Colonial territories, as their interests did not always coincide with those of the independent countries. There might be political and economic matters on which their interests might conflict directly.

He could not believe that either the Colonial territories or the sovereign members would really be satisfied if their interest in the Cabinet were represented by a single Secretary of State.

The roles of the Colonial Secretary and the Commonwealth Relations Secretary were entirely different.

Mr. Hopkinson said when many more territories reached self-government, there might then be a case of considering the redistribution of duties between the Colonial Office and the Commonwealth Relations Office. But the matter was regularly under discussion at meetings like the Prime Ministers' Conference. — Reuter.



EXECUTORS  
and  
TRUSTEES  
for the  
COLONY  
and the  
FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI  
BANK  
HONGKONG (TRUSTEE)  
LIMITED

The Trustee Company of  
The Hongkong and Shanghai  
Banking Corporation  
Hong Kong

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR  
THE PREVENTION OF  
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is  
situated at Beaconsfield Avenue,  
Queen's Road Central, Hong  
Kong.

Members and the Public can  
contact an Officer of the  
Society by dialling 37870 or  
day and 37894 by night.

Subscription and Donation  
should be sent to:—

A. G. GARDNER, Esq.,  
P. O. Building,  
Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd.,  
Hong Kong.

PETER MOK  
HIM YICK HONG  
MACAO

MANUFACTURER'S  
AGENTS  
AUSTIN CARS

China Mail Distributor

33 RUA V.P. ARCOS  
TEL. 605

CABLES: PETER MACAO  
Agencies invited



HONGKONG  
PUBLISHED DAILY  
(AFTERNOON)

Price, 20 cents per copy.  
Saturdays 30 cents

Subscription: \$5.00 per month.  
Postage: China and Macao \$3.00  
per month, U.K. and other countries \$7.00 per month.

News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary, Telephone: 2611 (5 lines), Kowloon OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 52628

WANTED KNOWN

EDUCATED Chinese lady gives Chinese cooking lessons, all styles, to foreign ladies at pupils' houses, domestic use. Will also cook for special parties. Box 33, "China Mail."

TUITION GIVEN

MISS Alice Lily Leung teaches ballroom dancing to ladies and gentlemen, beginners and those who wish to improve. Lessons by appointment at pupils' homes. Close call 10 a.m.—10 p.m. or write at King Kowloon, 2nd floor, Happy Valley.

DOROTHY Dancing School, highly qualified teachers, elegant ballroom, Latin American dances, strict privacy, \$4.00 per lesson, 108 King's Road, near Empire Cinema.

NOTICE

CHINA LIGHT & POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that Mr. P. C. Clemo is leaving the China Light & Power Co., Ltd., on retirement on 31st March 1954, and that Mr. Cyril Frederick Wood has been appointed Manager of the Company as from 1st April, 1954.

By Order of the Board  
of Directors,  
P. W. A. WOOD,  
Secretary & Chief Accountant.  
31st March, 1954.

CHURCH NOTICES

ST. PETER'S CHURCH  
235 Mission to Seafarers Road,  
Tel. 74221.  
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.  
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.  
Special services arranged at any time by request.



STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY  
R.M.S. "CHUSAN"

ROUND TRIP TO JAPAN, APRIL 1954.

Dep: Hongkong ..... 6 p.m. 19th April  
Arr: Yokohama ..... 10 a.m. 23rd April  
Dep: Yokohama ..... 4 p.m. 24th April  
Arr: Kobe ..... Noon 25th April  
Dep: Kobe ..... 9 a.m. 27th April  
Arr: Hongkong ..... Noon 30th April

REDUCED ROUND TRIP RATES

First Class £66.6.0; Tourist Class £42.10.0.

For Further Particulars Apply to:—  
MACKINNON MACKENZIE & CO., OF HONGKONG LTD.

**WREN'S**  
SHOE POLISHES  
BLACK · DARK TAN · MID BROWN  
LIGHT BROWN · OX BLOOD · TONY RED

The Dairy Farm

THE DAIRY FARM ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.